THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For FEBRUARY, 1801.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

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3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4. A New Pattern for a Gown or Apron, &c.
5. MUSIC—The Falling Tear and Heaving Sigh; written by John Hughes, Esq. The Music an Imitation, by Mr. W. Barre.

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Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. C.'s Essay shall appear.

Arabella will find her request has been complied with.

The Castle of Eridan has been received—the author has our thanks.

Laura's packet has been received—some of her selections are too well known, others shall occasionally have a place.

The Ode to Memory is received; as are also, The Cottage, the Rose, and the Gilliflower, a Fable—Verses to Miss C——— reading Shakspeare—Enigma by R.—F. C.'s Acrostic.

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.

The Concealed Marriage.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1801.

THE CONCEALED MARRIAGE;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

ARTIFICE, prevarication, and concealment of the truth, even when employed from apparently allowable motives, and not to promote or disguise vicious intentions, are commonly found to involve those who practise them in unexpected perplexities; and almost always terminate in mortification, disgrace, and disappointment.

Maria Stapleton was the daughter of a widow lady of small fortune, which consisted principally of a pension allowed her by a great trading company in consequence of her husband having lost his life while engaged in their service. The beauty of Maria, and her acquired accomplishments attracted the attention of all who knew her, but especially of Mr. George Devreux, a young gentleman who had inherited from his father an estate of two thousand a year, but clogged with a condition in favour of the daughters of his uncle, his father conceiving himself to be under particular obligations to his brother, by which he was restrained from marrying before he was thirty, except to one of his cousins, or at least with the consent of his uncle, on pain of losing one-half of his estate, which it was in his father's power to devise from him by will, and which in that case was to pass to the daughters of his uncle. His father had fixed on the age of thirty as that mature period of life when the violent passions of early youth would begin to subside; and as his cousins were young ladies of no inconsiderable fortune and expectations, if they then continued unmarried, prudence might be expected to take the place of thoughtless love, and produce an union for life, according to the wishes, and indeed the last solemn injunction, of a parent solicitous for what he deemed the honour and happiness of his son.

But as Love, at the least idea of restraint,

> "claps his light wings, and in a moment flies,"

Mr. Devreux, before he met with miss Stapleton, made very slow advances towards gaining the affections of either of the ladies recom-

mended to his attention by his father; but after he had seen Maria, they became almost his aversion. But before he could contract the union he so ardently wished with her he so tenderly loved, several years must elapse, or a forfeiture to which he could not bring himself to consent must be incurred. Of these years one or two were passed in patient expectation; but at length, love in some degree overcoming prudence, he proposed to his Maria a secret marriage, with which, more effectually to prevent discovery, not even her mother was to be acquainted. To this miss Stapleton, after many earnest solicitations, was, though with not a little reluctance, induced to consent.—Every thing was accordingly arranged by the management of Mr. Devreux, and they were married with a privacy which he confidently believed must elude any discovery, especially as it was his intention, when the time came which set him at liberty, to repeat the ceremony in a public manner, and remove every suspicion, if any might arise, and thus prevent all further inquiry.

But scarcely had another twelvemonth elapsed, when a new difficulty arose, for which a sufficient preparation had not been made.—Maria discovered that she was pregnant. Whatever joy this event might have given to both the lovers under other circumstances, it was now the cause of considerable perplexity. Mr. Devreux again had recourse to his fertile invention; and, by his advice, Maria applied to her mother for permission to visit a female acquaintance who had gone to reside at a great distance in the country, and to stay with her for a month or two. Mrs. Stapleton readily consented, and her daughter, by the management of Mr. Devreux, retired to some obscure apartments which he had procured for her, where she laid in with the greatest privacy; it being intended that when she should be recovered she should return to her mother, and that the child should be brought up privately till the time arrived when their marriage might be re-solemnised and openly declared. Letters, in the mean time, by Mr. Devreux's contrivance, were conveyed to Mrs. Stapleton from her daughter, as if from the country, requesting the indulgence of a longer stay, and fixing the time when she would return.

Maria had, from the first, been anxiously desirous that her mother should be admitted to a participation of their secret; but Mr. Devreux, well knowing Mrs. Stapleton's inflexible integrity, high sense of honour, and utter aversion to every thing that had the most distant resemblance to artifice and dissimulation, feared her openness of character might lead to discovery, and could not be induced to consent. The yielding Maria therefore acquiesced in his plan. But, as no art or cunning can infallibly guard against accident, a servant girl who knew Maria chanced to obtain a sight of her, and informed her mother both of the place of her retreat, and for what purpose she was there. Mrs. Stapleton, in the utmost distress, flew to find her daughter; and, though not without some difficulty, at length obtained admission to her. She found her in bed with her infant, and not doubting but she had been dishonoured—"O Maria!" exclaimed she, bursting into tears, and in the most violent agitation, "what have you done? How have you thus disgraced yourself and me? How have you thus rendered us both wretched? Who is your seducer? Tell

Tell me that I may fly to revenge on him the misery he has inflicted on us!"—Maria with difficulty pacified her, and prevailed on her to listen to her story, which she now related to her without the least reserve, conjuring her to secrecy, which Mrs. Stapleton, yielding to the necessity of the case, readily promised; though she did not forbear remonstrating with her daughter, in very strong terms, on her want of confidence in her, and on her proceeding to such a length in an affair of so great importance without even consulting her.

Maria soon after returned home; but her long absence, some alteration in her appearance, and certain hints which had been given by the servant girl, and were circulated in whispers through the neighbourhood, rendered all her female acquaintance very shy towards her: in fact she found herself at last entirely excluded from their society, since it was not in her power to justify herself, without betraying the secret which it was of so much consequence to her interest not to disclose. For another year, therefore, which was still to come before her character could be retrieved by the open avowal of her marriage with Mr. Devreux, poor Maria lived in a state of melancholy seclusion, and compelled, as it were, tacitly to resign those pretensions to honour and virtue which she had in reality never forfeited. Her child Mr. Devreux did not think it adviseable that she should ever see, lest such visits should lead to a discovery; and Mrs. Stapleton evidently suffered the greatest uneasiness from the suspicious light in which both she and her daughter appeared to their friends, without being permitted to vindicate themselves by declaring the truth, which, to a woman of Mrs. Stapleton's high spirit and strict regard to her honour,—was a most painful humiliation; so that but for the consciousness of her innocence, and her love for her husband, life itself would have been a burden to the unoffending but too yielding Maria.

At length the time arrived when Mr. Devreux, set at liberty from the restraint laid on him by his father's will, prepared to carry into execution his scheme of a public marriage with Maria, to be celebrated with all the splendor and festivity suitable to the occasion. But while he was making arrangements for this purpose, he received a notice from a solicitor, employed by his uncle, that an action would be immediately commenced, under the will of his father, for the half of his estate, in consequence of his marriage without the consent of his uncle, and before the time prescribed, of which they were in possession of sufficient proofs.

Mr. Devreux found on inquiry, that, by some extraordinary accidental circumstances, his uncle had obtained such proofs of the fact that it would be in vain to attempt a defence; he therefore surrendered, without a contest, what he knew he could not hope to retain.

Thus was rendered fruitless all the artifice of Mr. Devreux, while all the uneasiness and mortification endured by Maria and her mother were equally to no purpose. That which might have been obtained by patience, or yielded with generosity, was lost with some degree of disgrace and much disappointment. Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter, however, on reflection, were not displeased at the event; for they conceived that the suspicions which had attached to the character of the latter could only be removed by a full and undeniable disclosure of the truth; and the disproof of these

they considered as more than a compensation for the diminution of fortune.

The PRISONER; *a* COMEDY.

(Continued from page 45.)

Scene V.

Voluble, Dorimont, Mrs. Sterne.

Mrs. Sterne.

MY daughter has told me———

Voluble. Madam, I was just coming with all speed to inform you of the safe arrival of my master; but—O Heavens!

Mrs. Sterne. What! Has any misfortune happened to him?

Voluble. Oh! oh! My tongue refuses utterance.—Speak yourself, sir.

Mrs. Sterne. How? Are you Mr. Montfort?

Dorimont. The same, madam; but you see in what a condition——

Mrs. Sterne. What has happened to you?

Dorimont. I was hastening to you with all the eagerness of affection; but, when only some miles from the object of my wishes, I was attacked by robbers who rushed out of a wood ———

Mrs. Sterne. By robbers!

Voluble. It was lucky for me that I was sent on before.

Dorimont. Seven ill-looking rascals, masked.

Mrs. Sterne. Masked!

Dorimont. They clapped seven pistols to my breast.

Mrs. Sterne. Bless me, how I tremble!

Dorimont. They dragged me out of the carriage, threw me on the ground, and plundered me.

Mrs. Sterne. You were not hurt, however, I hope.

Dorimont. No; the rogues heard the sound of a post-horn, and ran off with their booty into the woods. A compassionate peasant coming that way brought me here in his cart.

Voluble (aside). Well said!

Mrs. Sterne (aside). He is much younger than I could have supposed. —*(Aloud)* I am sorry for what has happened to you from my heart.—Let me prevail on you to take some sedative powders.

Dorimont. Oh, I am very well, I assure you!

Mrs. Sterne. No, no; it may have ill consequences.—I have them at hand.—*(She goes to a cupboard and brings the powders.)*

Dorimont. If I had been desperately wounded, the kind reception I have met with from you would cure me.

Mrs. Sterne. What I offer you is the composition of an eminent physician.

Voluble. My master has encountered so many dangers both by sea and land, that seven pistols at his breast at a time are nothing to him.

Mrs. Sterne. You will find it compose your spirits.

Voluble (aside to him). It does not signify—you must take it.

Dorimont. From your hands every thing must be agreeable.—*(Takes the powders).*

Voluble (aside). Much good may it do you.

Mrs. Sterne. My last letter must have convinced you that I take the most lively interest ————

Dorimont. Oh, I know it by heart!—it was a charming letter!

Mrs. Sterne. All that has passed between us————

Dorimont. Say no more of it.—I remember nothing of it.

Voluble (aside). Now he speaks the truth.

Dorimont. I could wish, however, before

before we proceed farther, to appear before you in a suitable dress; for at present, to confess the truth, I look like ——

Voluble. A poor jail-bird, who has just made his escape out of prison.

Mrs. Sterne. Let me consider—now I think of it, my brother who was here lately has left behind him some of his clothes; perhaps they may suit you?

Dorimont. I make no doubt but they will.

Mrs. Sterne (to Voluble). Will you be so good as to tell my daughter to let you look in the blue closet, and there you will find some clothes that may suit your master.

Voluble. Oh! if miss Louisa will assist, I'll engage we shall find what we want. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Sterne, Dorimont.

Mrs. Sterne. Now we are alone, we may say a word concerning our business.

Dorimont. Very true. Only I am afraid—the robbers have so terrified me, and confused my head—that I shall often answer not much to the purpose.

Mrs. Sterne. Very likely.

Dorimont. Our law-suit appears to me now only like a dream.

Mrs. Sterne. I am glad to hear it.

Dorimont. So much so—that—if I were now asked to tell what it was about—I am sure I could not.

Mrs. Sterne. Let us say no more of the law-suit.

Dorimont. No, no: let us say no more of it.

Mrs. Sterne. But what do you say to the agreement that my attorney has drawn up?

Dorimont. Say?—I could wish you would let me have a copy of it, that I may give you my opinion of it after due consideration.

Mrs. Sterne. You have already had a copy.

Dorimont. A copy!—You must mistake?

Mrs. Sterne. In my last letter, which you know by heart——

Dorimont. Oh, that letter! that dear charming letter!

Mrs. Sterne. Well! in that a copy was inclosed.

Dorimont. Very right.—Now I remember—It was in the letter—But how could you imagine that I could think of any thing besides the dear letter itself?—Oh, that charming letter!

Mrs. Sterne. Oh you flatterer!—But you have read the agreement, no doubt?

Dorimont. Oh yes, yes!—The plan is unobjectionable—it pleases me much.

Mrs. Sterne. How do you like the seventh article?

Dorimont. The seventh article?—Oh, the seventh article is excellent!

Mrs. Sterne. But on the eighth article we were not of one opinion—

Dorimont. We were not.

Mrs. Sterne. What have you determined on, in that respect?

Dorimont. To agree entirely to what you propose.

Mrs. Sterne. You think, then, it will be right to keep the sheep-farm?

Dorimont. The sheep-farm?—Oh, yes!—Why not?—As there are only sheep in it, why should we not keep the sheep-farm?——

Mrs. Sterne. But what equivalent shall we give my daughter for it?—She has claims——

Dorimont (with warmth). The justest claims!—She is the best, the gentlest, the loveliest——

Mrs. Sterne. How do you know?—You have never seen her.

Dorimont (somewhat confused). No; but my servant has told me.—Oh!

Oh! I entreat you, madam, let us talk no more of that abominable law-suit.

Mrs. Sterne. We were not talking of it.

Dorimont. No?—Well, I don't know what's the matter with my head—but *(tenderly)* I know what's the matter with my heart: the pistols of the robbers could not make me forget that.

Mrs. Sterne (assuming an air of bashfulness). Oh, Mr. Montfort!—So sober and grave as your letters were, who could have expected you to talk thus!

Dorimont. I wrote my letters before I had seen you: now I am with you.

Mrs. Sterne. I imagined too that you must have a much older look: I thought you must be at least forty.

Dorimont. I certainly look very well for my age.

Mrs. Sterne. You do, indeed.

Dorimont. I have always lived with great moderation; never indulged in any excess.

Mrs. Sterne. No person would think you more than five-and-twenty.

Dorimont. At any rate that is no great misfortune.

Mrs. Sterne. Certainly it is not. But it must be confessed that reason and friendship have more share in our union than love.

Dorimont. Who says that?

Mrs. Sterne. My age, and my experience.

Dorimont. Oh, madam! women are always young when they wish to please.

SCENE VII.

Dorimont, Mrs. Sterne, Voluble.

Voluble. Here is an excellent brown coat, and it will fit exactly I'll warrant.

Mrs. Sterne. You will be so good, sir, as to make this serve for to-day, and to-morrow we will send for a tailor. This, sir, is your sleeping chamber. I will now inform my daughter of your arrival.—You know a father-in-law is not always welcome.

Dorimont. I hope she will not hate her father-in-law.

Mrs. Sterne. She will be here immediately to express her dutiful respects.

Dorimont. Her dutiful respects!—Oh, I shall be extremely happy!

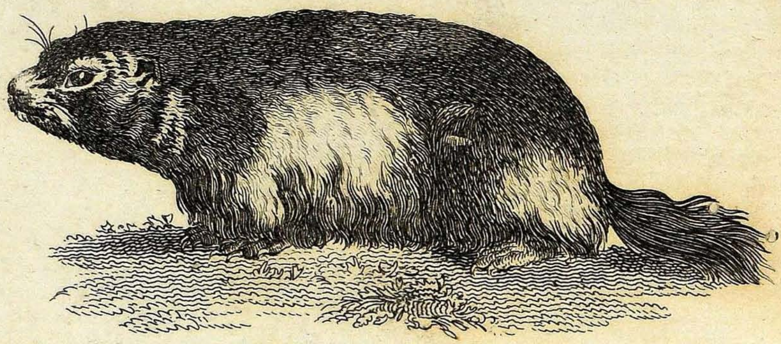
[*Exit Mrs. Sterne.*

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

IN the time of a general scarcity, the great emperor Acbar went to visit the tomb of a saint who was interred at Cortub, near Dehli.—On his return, while engaged in familiar conversation with his vizier, he perceived at his feet a grain of corn. The monarch, whose mind was continually occupied with the sufferings of his people, took it up, and gave it to his vizier, commanding him to sow it, and render him an account every year of its produce. At the end of ten years the grain had yielded so great an increase, that, after having made ample distributions to the poor from his harvest, the surplus, when sold by order of the emperor, was sufficient to build a mosque, which Acbar caused to be erected on the spot where he had found the grain, with a view at once to glorify the goodness of the Almighty, and leave to posterity a monument of the fruits of industry and perseverance.

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.



Marmot.

Porcupine.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 13.)

LETTER XIX.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THE laborious and successsful efforts of the beaver tribe, will, as a natural consequence, make those animals less amply endued appear not so worthy of admiration: yet in the creatures that manifest the slightest proofs of instinctive perfection, we may discover qualities of a useful tendency, or in a beautiful or singular form trace the varied excellencies of animated nature. The next class of animals, which are comprehended in the porcupine genus, are distinguished by the following characteristic marks: two cutting teeth in each jaw; the body covered with long, hard, and sharp quills; the upper lip divided.

THE CRESTED PORCUPINE.

This animal has a long crest on the top of the head, reclining backwards, formed of stiff bristles; the body covered with long quills; those on the hinder part nine inches in length, very sharp at the point, and beautifully annulated with black and white; between the quills there are a few bristly hairs; the head, belly, and legs, are covered with strong bristles, terminating with soft hair of a dusky hue; the whiskers long; the ears resembling the human; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail is about four inches long, and covered with quills; the length of the body about two feet.

M. de Buffon amply confutes the opinion that the porcupine possesses the faculty of darting his quills to a great distance to wound any particular object. It is well known that he erects them when irritated; therefore, as they are only connected to the body by a slight skin, it is not surprising any strong effort should displace them. These animals inhabit India, the sand-hills on the south-western shore of the Caspian sea, southern Tartary, Persia, Palestine, and the African regions. They are found wild in Italy, though not native inhabitants of Europe. They are esteemed a dainty at Rome, and sold in the markets. The Italian porcupines have shorter quills and a less crest than the Asian and African kind.

The porcupine produces bezoars which are formed in its stomach by a commixture of roots, straw, and sand, which are enveloped with a crust, and so firmly adhere as to become a kind of petrifaction. The peculiar construction of the porcupine tends to form one of the shades between quadrupeds and birds; as the quills are complete tubes, and only want vanes to be perfect feathers. These harmless animals sleep in the day, and feed in the night. In a domestic state they are not mischievous, but only show an ardent desire to obtain their native liberty. In their wild condition they subsist on fruits, roots, and vegetables; but when confined will eat bread, cheese, and fruits. Their flesh is rather insipid, but not of an unwholesome quality.

THE LONG-TAILED PORCUPINE.

The long-tailed porcupine is a native of the Indian Archipelago islands, and dwells in the forests. It has large bright eyes, short naked ears, and long whiskers. The body is short and thick, and covered with long stiff hairs as sharp as needles, which vary in colour as the rays of the sun fall on them: the feet have five toes; one of which turns backward, and forms a kind of thumb; the

the tail is as long as the body, very slender at the extremity, and terminating with a thick tuft: the bristles appear as if they were jointed, are thick in the middle, rise one out of the other like grains of rice, are transparent, and have a silvery appearance.

THE BRASILIAN PORCUPINE.

This animal has a short, blunt nose; long white whiskers; beneath the nose a bed of small spines. The top of the head is black; the sides and base of the tail are covered with spines; the longest of which, on the lower regions of the back and tail, are three inches in length, very sharp, and of a white hue, and barred near the extremity with black; and they also adhere quite close to the skin, which is naked between them; are shorter and weaker as they approach the belly: on the breast, under part of the body and lower regions of the legs, they change into dark brown bristles. Each foot has four toes, armed with very long claws; and, instead of a thumb, a large protuberance. The tail is eighteen inches long, slender, and taper towards the extremity; for the last ten inches it is almost destitute of hair; and in proportion to the dimensions has a strong prehensile power. This species inhabit Mexico and Brasil, where they live in the woods, and not only subsist on fruits, but also prey on poultry. They grunt like a hog, sleep in the day, and feed by night, climb trees but slowly, and twist their prehensile tails round the branches to secure themselves from falling in descending. They are capable of being tamed, and grow very fat. Their flesh is white and well flavoured, according to the testimony of some authors. There are a greater and smaller kind.

THE MEXICAN PORCUPINE.

The Mexican porcupine, which is the same animal with the coendon, described by M. de Buffon, is of a dusky colour, with very long bristles intermixed with the down; the spines are three inches long, slender, and variegated with white and yellow, and scarcely visible, except on the tail, which is thicker and shorter than that of the preceding species; and from the middle to the extremity free from spines: its bulk probably that of a middle-sized dog.

This species inhabit the mountainous parts of Mexico. They subsist on summer fruits, and are easily tamed. The wild Indians pulverise their quills, and esteem them a sovereign remedy for the gravel and head-ach.

THE CANADA PORCUPINE.

This species of porcupine, from being natives of the most remote North American regions, appear to have been but little attended to. Edwards, and various ot❋ naturalists, have styled this animal the porcupine from Hudson's Bay; though M. de Buffon specifies him by the name of the Canada porcupine, as does also Mr. Pennant. This animal bears a near resemblance to the beaver in the construction of his body, though he is not half so large, approaching nearer to the size of a hare, but of a more compact make. He has short ears, nearly concealed in the fur. The head, body, legs, and upper part of the tail, are covered with long hair of a dark brown hue. On the upper part of the head, back, body, and tail, there are numbers of sharp, strong quills, the longest of which are on the regions of the back, and measure about three inches in length, but are almost hid in the fur: there are some long straggling hairs inter-

intermixed, of a dirty white hue at the extremity. The tail is about six inches in length, and white on the under part. There are four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind, defended with long claws, hollow underneath. These animals vary in colour, there being one in the Leverian Museum entirely white. The Canada porcupine inhabits the northern parts of America as far as Hudson's Bay; it makes its nest under the roots of great trees, and climbs into the branches; its flesh is esteemed wholesome and agreeable; and the Indians in a great measure depend on it for food; it subsists on wild fruits, and bark of trees, particularly juniper; in winter drinks snow, in summer water, but avoids plunging into it. When it cannot escape its pursuers, endeavours to wound them with its quills, which are not effective weapons of offence or defence, as they are even displaced by a common friction of the hair. The quills of this species are used by the Indians to ornament their garments, and for various other purposes.

The porcupine genus appears rather of a wonderful than pleasing quality; its spines render it distinct from every other class of the animal genera; and its harmless propensities entitle it to respect, though its qualifications may not intrinsically demand admiration. Do not the same varied proportions of merit distinguish the several classes of mankind, as mark the brute creation with different degrees and modes of excellence? Most assuredly the same variations exist; which proves that Nature, or, to speak with more energy and propriety, that Providence has not been partial in the distribution of his gifts. In his omniscient dispensations he has allotted those propensities to every rank of beings which accord best with their local condition, and destined sphere. If all were brilliantly endued, the general unison of the universe would be interrupted; as its œconomy and order depend on the judicious compound of different elements, various temperaments, and general variety, which, by the guidance of the Supreme Being, operate in producing perfect harmony. It therefore appears absolutely expedient that there should be different portions of intellect in the brute, as well as in the rational class, as, without this subordination, the mutual dependance each require would be violated, and produce the same effect as if there were no night. Your ladyship will, I make no doubt, join with me in these opinions, which will give peculiar pleasure to your faithful

EUGENIA.

LETTER XX.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ——.

IN proportion to the number of species in each genus, my addresses to your ladyship become more or less frequent; and I now solicit your attention on behalf of the marmot class or genus; the peculiar properties of which are: two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; short, and frequently no ears; the tail covered with hair, usually of a middling length; in some individuals very short.

THE ALPINE MARMOT.

The Alpine marmot has some resemblance to the bear in figure; and, when taken very young, may be rendered nearly as tractable; as many of them, when domesticated, are taught to dance and perform various gesticulations. This animal has

has short round ears hid in the fur; and large cheeks. The colour of the head, and upper part of the body, is of a brownish ash colour, mixed with tawny; the legs and lower part of the body are of a reddish hue. This species are subject to variation in colour, the Polish kind being of the reddest cast. They have four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail is six inches long, and tolerably thick of hair. The length of the animal from the nose to the base of the tail is sixteen inches; the body of a thick construction.

This species inhabit the highest regions on the Alps and Pyrenean mountains; they are more subject than any of their kindred classes to fall into a torpid state. At the latter end of September these animals retire to their holes, which consist of three subterraneous chambers, with two apertures or entrances, lined and rendered commodious with moss and hay, and continue thus secluded till April. It is reported they mutually assist each other in forming their habitations, which are sufficiently capacious to accommodate several marmots; and that they appoint a sentinel to warn them of danger while they eat, and dwell in unity together. They make no provision for winter; and, when they perceive the approach of the torpid season, provide for their personal security by closing the common entrance into their retreat. When they sink into this benumbed state they are very fat; but gradually, for want of sustenance, decline in flesh, and become meagre when the spring advances. When they are taken in this dormant state, they remain insensible till the genial heat of a fire re-animates their frame.

The marmot bites cruelly, but makes no unprovoked attack on men and dogs; he often sits erect, and walks with great ease on his hind feet: he also conveys his food to his mouth with his fore paws, like the squirrel kind. He runs very quick up hill, though but slowly on level ground, and mounts trees and rocks with great agility. This animal indiscriminately eats every thing presented to it, but prefers milk and butter to every other kind of sustenance. Its usual voice is a shrill kind of whistle; but it often, when pleased, purs like a cat. It is averse and hostile to the canine species; is addicted to gnawing linen cloths, &c. As the marmot is fleshy, it would be good food if it were not for a disagreeable inherent odour that cannot be overcome or concealed.

These animals produce but once a year, and have usually three or four young at a litter; they are not numerous, or generally diffused, but are peculiarly attached to the chain of the Alps and other high mountains, from which they never descend.

THE QUEBEC MARMOT.

This animal has a blunt nose; short round ears; cheeks of a puffy construction, and grey hue. The face dusky; and nose black. The hair on the back is grey at the bottom, black in the middle, and white at the extremity. The belly and legs are of an orange colour; the toes black, naked, and distinctly digitated. There are four toes, and the base of another on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail short, and of a dusky cast. The dimensions of this kind of marmot are rather larger than those of a rabbit. This species inhabit Hudson's Bay and Canada; they are capable of being tamed, and make a kind of hissing noise.

THE MARYLAND MARMOT.

The Maryland marmot has a sharper nose than the preceding kind, and black prominent eyes. The nose and cheeks are of a blueish ash colour; the back of a deep brown hue; the sides and belly of a paler cast. The tail half the length of the body, and covered with dusky hair; the toes are divided, and defended with sharp claws; four on the fore-feet, and five on the hind. The feet and legs are black. The size is nearly that of a rabbit. This animal inhabits Virginia and Pennsylvania. It subsists on wild fruits and vegetables; and in the winter falls into a torpid state, and secretes itself in the concavities of trees. Its flesh is very good, resembling pig in flavour: when surprised it takes refuge in the clefts of rocks, or other convenient recesses. This species is also found in the Bahama Islands; but whether or not in those regions it falls into a benumbed state is not ascertained.

THE HOARY MARMOT.

This animal has short oval ears; whitish cheeks; the tip of the nose black; crown dusky and tawny; the hair uniformly rough and long; that on the back, sides, and belly, cinereous at the roots, black in the middle, and whitish at the top, which gives it a hoary appearance. The legs are black, the claws dusky. It has four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind. The tail is black, and mixed with rust colour. It is about the size of the former kind. This species inhabit the most northern regions of the new continent; and the description of the above was taken from a specimen in the Leverian Museum.

THE BOBUK MARMOT.

The bobuk differs immaterially from the Alpine marmot, except in the colour of its hair, which is of a yellowish hue. It has small oval thick ears, covered with greyish-white down, with long hairs at the edges; small eyes and whiskers. The regions about the eyes and nose of a dusky brown hue; the upper part of the body greyish, intermixed with long black or dusky hairs tipt with grey; the throat is rust coloured; the rest of the body and the inside of the limbs of a yellowish rust colour. It has four toes on the fore feet, with a short thumb furnished with a strong claw, and five toes on the hind feet. The tail is short, slender, and full of hair. The length of the animal from nose to tail is sixteen inches; the tail to the extremity of the hair is five inches long.

These animals inhabit Poland, the southern parts of Russia, and the Carpathian mountains; they seek dry situations, abounding with free-stone rocks, full of springs, woods, and sands; they are also found in Great Tartary, and the Altaic chain, about the regions of lake Baikal, and are numerous in Kamtschatka. They burrow extremely deep and obliquely, to the depth of two or three yards, and form subterraneous habitations, consisting of a number of galleries, with one common entrance, each gallery terminating with the nest or apartment of the animal. Sometimes these recesses have but one domestic retreat, but more commonly several. In rocky situations these animals combine in forming their dwellings, and live in social conviviality. Towards autumn they collect hay and other articles of food. In their native state they are fond of oleraceous plants; and, when domesticated, eat cabbage and bread, but refuse to drink water. They are of a docile nature, and soon grow familiar. They appoint a sentinel

to

to give notice of any danger that threatens their security. It is not decisively specified how many young the females of this species produce at a birth.

They become torpid in the winter season except they are kept in rooms with constant fires; and even then seem to suffer inconvenience from the cold, and appear not to eat with an appetite, which proceeds from the plenitude dispensed for their support in their wild state. They are very fat, their flesh is rank, and their fur is used for clothing. In Chinese Tartary they contribute to the propagation of rhubarb, which grows amongst their burrows; the manure they leave about the roots conduces to the increase of that useful medicinal plant; and the soil they fling up with burrowing is a bed for the ripe seed, which would else perish for want of nurture. Thus does Providence wisely ordain that every circumstance should conspire for the general and individual benefit of his creatures.

THE EARLESS MARMOT.

This animal so nearly resembles the hamster, that many naturalists have doubted whether it forms a distinct species; but as it differs by being smaller, of a more slender construction, having no external ears, and being of an uniform colour, it is reasonable to conclude that it is a simple variety. It has a cinereous face; over each eye a white line; yellow teeth; black whiskers; and no apparent auricular organs. The hind part of the head and whole back are of a pale-yellowish brown; in some individuals distinctly spotted with white, or undulated with grey. The under side of the body and legs is of a yellowish-white hue: the tail is covered with long hair, brown above, and bordered with black on each side; each hair tipped with white, the under part of a bright rust colour. The three middle toes of the fore feet are long, and armed with sharp long claws; the exterior and interior toes are short, and their claws blunt: the length of the body one foot; the tail to the extremity of the hair is four inches and a half long.

This species inhabit Bohemia, Austria, and Hungary, and are also found from the banks of the Wolga to India and Persia; in Siberia, Great Tartary, and Kamtschatka. They have a carnivorous as well as an herbivorous appetite; as they subsist on plants, young birds, and small mice. They burrow, and form a winter reserve of provisions, consisting of nuts, corn, &c. In Siberia they dwell in fields and granaries; those which reside in the former, dig an habitation with a double entrance, and sleep during the winter; but those which seek granaries for an abode are not torpid during the inclement season. The females live separate from the males except during a short period, and bring forth five or eight young at a birth, which they cover with hay, and rear with great attention. Their voice is a kind of whistle, and their nature irritable; they bite desperately, and are quarrelsome with their own species. As these animals are very fond of salt, they are taken in great abundance on board the salt-barges. Their fur is held in high estimation by the Bohemian ladies, and used for various ornamental purposes. M. de Buffon denominates this animal the zisel.

THE GUNDI.

Gundi is the Arabic name for the species of marmot which inhabit Barbary towards Mount Atlas, near Maffusin.

Maffusin. This animal has truncated ears, with large apertures; a short tail; the upper fore teeth truncated or cut short, and the lower slender and pointed; four toes on each foot furnished with claws. In the action of walking, it rests on the hind feet as far as the heel. The colour is red; and the dimensions nearly those of a rabbit.

THE TAILLESS MARMOT.

This animal is a native of Hudson's Bay; it has short ears; no tail; the head and body are of a cinereous brown hue; the ends of the hairs white. It has two cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and four in the under. This description is taken from a subject in the Leverian Museum.

In the marmot genera we may discover the divine wisdom, in granting those properties to each class, perfectly according with its peculiar circumstances and situation. In frigid and barren regions a state of torpidity is a wonderful and beneficial effort of omnipotent preservation, to secure particular branches of the animal world from distress and destruction: in fine, it is a kind of temporary death, and the renewed exertion of the corporeal faculties a species of resurrection. In this benumbed somnient state, the animal is nourished by the redundancy of fat it acquires in its active condition, which is proportioned to its required nutriment during the period it abstains from food: to what cause can this effective support be ascribed, but to the constant paternal regard of the Supreme Being, who is not inclined that any should perish, but that all should exist to their own comfort, and his honour and glory?

When we reflect on the local advantages we enjoy respecting climate, and the blessing that is dispensed to us by a constant unremitted exertion of our mental and corporeal faculties (excepting such portions of rest and suspension that are expedient for their support), we must acknowledge the superior obligations we have received, which, from being general, too often cease to be particularly regarded. Your ladyship, whose active mind is a perpetual impulse to the exercise of every social virtue, and the discharge of every important duty, will rejoice that your existence is not assigned to a dormant, but fitted for the execution of the most refined and animated purposes. Let those beings which have not more aspiring views take refuge in the earth; but let us, whose hopes and prospects are superior, fix our thoughts on a more elevated sphere, in which your ladyship's temporal conduct will qualify you to move, and beyond which there cannot be a wish excited in your heart, or in that of your affectionate

EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

The HISTORY *of* PEROUROU; *or, the* BELLOWS-MENDER.

Continued from page 19.

HAVING with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Aurora, I flew to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments, that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious; and their revenge on the haughty Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent in my name to my mistress the

the most magnificent bouquet; a watch, bracelets, jewels, laces of exquisite fineness, formed a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of father and daughter. Towards the end of the week the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name, a precaution which you will perceive hereafter was not useless to me. In this contract I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favour, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage.

I deceived her,—but heaven is my witness it was not without remorse!—In presence of the beautiful Aurora, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself—and when I was with my joyous friends, their pleasantries, their *bon-ton,* the kind of dependance in which they held me, their services, their instructions, rendered me thoughtless with respect to the present, as well as careless with respect to the future. But in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared; leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable flock-bed which was soon to be her portion; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment; when I beheld her who deserved a palace, lodging under the thatched roof of my aged father, I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold sweat. More than once I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Aurora, make a full confession of my crime, and cover myself with the infamy which belonged to him who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love and passion came alike to my aid. Enchained by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination gilded with some rays of hope the gloom of the future. "The unhappiness of Aurora," said I to myself, "will be but transient; love will soften into bitterness. Her mortal enemies are blinded by their desire of revenge. She will, she shall be happy in despite of them!—They will leave me some money, and the means of procuring more by my industry. I should be a wretch indeed if I did not devote my life to the task of strewing flowers along her path.—When she learns who I am, her resentment will no doubt at first be vehement; but when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation will come to her aid—love will supply the place of riches, and we shall yet be happy."

Such were my reflections during eight days previous to that on which I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—I had never had so near a view of villany.—I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief, while the silly crowd who surrounded us mistook this last effort of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived; I felt from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage was ambitious of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love a while banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences

ferences with the implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our own journey to my native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side in a magnificent equipage, attended by her women, escorted by servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging at once her pride and her love; ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once I implored my patrons for mercy; the obligations I had entered into were laid before me—We began our journey.

Two of my ten friends served me as couriers, while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora pushed his imprudence so far as to offer himself to me as a coachman. It is true that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a plaister fixed on his right eye, so disguised him, that even his friends did not recognise him; three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage as lacqueys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place where we should stop to rest ourselves, and this we did frequently, travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with a haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful, inquiring the names of my châteaux, the extent of my estates, and of my seignorial rights of hunting and fishing; dwelling with complacency on my mines, which to her lively apprehension were equal at least to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversations, when three leagues beyond Montelimart we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village, alas! was mine. The critical moment was approaching!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine, and after three hours' long and difficult travelling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopt the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold, taking the air. In this old man I discovered my venerable father.—No, my friend, I have no colours with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side, the haughty Aurora on the other, and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter, and with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining upon their vengeance and her mortification. Figure to yourself the pretended coachman taking off suddenly his plaister and his wig, and *tu-toying** Aurora with an air of superiority—"No, madam," said he, in a tone of inconceivable disdain, "no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver, such a lot would have done too much honour to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice.—A bellows-mender is worthy of you; and such is he, madam, whom you have

* *Theeing* and *thouing*, as inferiors are addressed.

taken for your husband." I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat, the five others threw themselves into the coach, choaked almost with laughter, and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected that the catastrophe would be singular enough, but less terrible than it proved. My engravers while they taught me my part had kept their own a secret. They carried off every thing with them, like the scene-shifters of a theatre who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora she saw nothing of this—Her former lover continued speaking when she no longer heard or felt. The ruffians left her, when they departed, in a deep swoon. Judge of my situation!—Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed.—Alas! in those cruel moments, I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life: I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah, my friend, I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after bathing copiously the pallid face of the lovely and delicate Aurora with water, she resumed for a moment the use of her senses. Her phrensied eye met mine—"Monster!" she exclaimed, and her senses again forsook her.—I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators, composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches; and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw with which a compassionate neighbour strewed the flock-bed of my old father. When she had again recovered the use of her senses I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarrassed myself of the crowd, I took Aurora in my arms; I pressed her to my heart—my scalding tears bathed her cheeks.—At length she opened her eyes and fixed them on me—mine shrunk from her glance.—The first use which she made of speech was to request me, under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the next day the hateful detail of the plot of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew; leaving with her the niece of the curé of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed? Fallen at once from a situation the most splendid, in a miserable village which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession only of a few louis, while my adored wife in the morning of life, accustomed to constitute as well as share the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man, respectable indeed, but in a state of wretched indigence; and I had been the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated!—What would become of her? in what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings?—Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? Oh no!—I felt all the horrors of her destiny, and my own—Yes, of my own!—I had indeed no reverse of fortune to undergo; I, who was born to

wretch-

wretchedness and nurtured in want —yet my agonised heart, an heart but too susceptible, told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps the most cruel in the sad catalogue of human evils—I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness—to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence—to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended—I recollected with distraction that it must be my doom not merely to support indifference, but aversion—I was not merely to become an object of contempt, but of horror—I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred—to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignancy of remorse.—Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered? Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish?—Had not I, wretch that I was! planted a dagger in her heart? —Perhaps she would find a refuge from me in the grave—perhaps her last breath would curse me—or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy?—would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach, more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made a hell of the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rains, which laid under water the cross-road leading to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to the town, as I intended, for a carriage, to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent every minute to inquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were satisfactory; my attentions were received with gratitude; I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her; that she had made up her mind; that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted my soul; I dreaded the fatal interview more than death! I was meditating how to elude it under different pretences, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands, bathed it with my tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some time in silence, then raising me up, addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanquish. "You have deceived me," said she, "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart, if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority which you have usurped—mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her uncle's house—I have accepted it, because it accords both with my situation and my duties—You may visit me there, whenever you please. We will concert together the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and of providing for our future support—rely on my honour for the care of defending your own."

Man is a confiding creature—A kind word from the woman we love is sufficient to soften all the misery she occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to load me with reproaches. During five days my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented; and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture. Could I have imagined that, after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me which surpassed all the rest?

(To be continued.)

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

THE translation of the following little piece was made from a French edition of the works of Gessner, and is the production of a few leisure hours dedicated to the study of that language.—The translator trusts that the beauties of the original, though perhaps but faintly delineated, will compensate for a youthful and first attempt in this class of literature.—The whole has since been revised and carefully compared with the original German.

Dec. 12, 1800. G. Moore.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

By Gessner. *In Two Cantos.*

Translated by George Moore, *Author of Grasville Abbey.*

Canto I.

THE inhabitants of the cottage of Milon passed many years of affliction after that fatal night on which the furious waves separated it from the continent. Built upon a little promontory, the tempestuous sea had swept away the fertile pastures which united it with the main land. This dwelling, now situated in a solitary island, was so far removed from the opposite shore, that in the most profound calm of air and sea nought could be heard from it, not even the bleating of the flocks upon its æther-coloured banks.

Joy was banished from the bosoms of Milon and Semira, the unfortunate possessors of this humble melancholy abode. They were deprived of the sweet society of neighbourhood, and the tender delights of friendship, which the gods had before bestowed upon them.—Death robbed Semira of her beloved husband. In gloomy solitude she passed her days with Melida, her only child. They had nothing to alleviate their sorrows, but the little flock of the departed Milon, and the birds of heaven.

Melida was arrived at the prime of her beauty:—she had no admirer but her mother; she sported in her infant games more blooming than the young peach-tree when it first puts forth its blossom.—In the midst of the fair works of Nature she was the most *fair*.

The tender Semira, to preserve her daughter from useless regret, or acquiring a taste for those pleasures which, under their present circumstances, they were forbidden, concealed from her, with extreme care, all those charms of society which diffused happiness among the natives of the opposite shore.

She daily visited the tomb of Milon, and consecrated an hour to tears.

"Alas! thou art no more! (she would exclaim,) thou art no more! Oh thou, the consolation of my life! the support of our misery! Forsaken, without help, surrounded

by

by the irritated waves, what will be the fate which attends us? The rigour of our sufferings cannot be alleviated by compassion; all human succour is refused us.—Ah! that I had not lived to witness thy dissolution.—Oh Melida! my beloved child! alas! such is the excess of our troubles, it is the most ardent of my prayers I may survive that period which shall enwrap thee in everlasting sleep.—But should the gods refuse this request, (dreadful perspective!) thou must remain alone surrounded by the roaring waves, with no other companions but thy anguish and thy sorrows. Never shall thy eye behold another human being; never shalt thou hear the voice of a tender husband, whom thy charms and virtues might render happy; never shalt thou listen to the name of mother, pronounced by thy own lisping infants. The sound of joy will be unknown to thee; the melancholy shadows of the caverns will echo the accents of thy grief. Under such tremendous horrors must thou consume thy youth. Even thy death will be desolate; the tears of sympathy will not flow for thy deplorable fate; deprived of sepulchral rite, thy body will be scorched by the rays of the burning sun, and become a prey to the birds of the air. —Ah! let me hide my complaints within the rocks; and you, ye shades of solitude and darkness, to you I must confine my griefs. Veil then my afflictions, that Melida, in a happy ignorance, may never know the cause of my unhappiness."

Such were the words of Semira; and it was thus she concealed from her daughter those anxieties of maternal tenderness by which she was slowly consumed.

Melida, in the prime of innocence and beauty, sported with her young lambs without being in want of a guide, for the swelling sea surrounded her little pasturage. She amused herself by cutting odoriferous shrubs, and forming them into bowers. She was the tutelar divinity of the plants: she raised the fallen flowers, and produced by her care a vigorous growth to their languishing sprigs. Sometimes she would arrest the source of the stream by a bed of pebbles, which would form in the water a little lake. Round the island she planted a double row of fruit trees:—she was beautiful as Venus in the island of Paphos, when she walked under their spreading shades. She decorated a grotto in a rock which was washed by the waves of the sea. This spot was rendered fertile in idea; the walls of it were adorned by shells which were thrown upon the beach, and which she had arranged in a variety of different forms and colours. One of peculiar size and beauty received the transparent drops which fell from an arch above, with a pleasing murmur, while wreaths of jessamine were fantastically twined round the entrance.

In such innocent occupations Melida passed her days without considering her situation; but, at the expiration of fifteen years, she began to discover they were alone. Often in those shady bowers which she had formed would she muse and languish—Often would she whisper to herself,—" What could have been the design of the gods in placing us in this solitude, more unfortunate than all other creatures? Why have we existed? Why do we now exist?—Alas! these melancholy ideas destroy me: there is a something inseparable from my being, a something that I cannot name, of which I am deprived.—No—I am not made for this

this solitude; without doubt we have experienced some extraordinary revolution, of which my mother pretends ignorance. A dreadful mystery continually clouds her features; and, when I attempt to discover it, her eyes overflow with tears which she cannot restrain. She says we must always attend to the wisdom and goodness of the gods, and place our fate in their hands.—Alas! I bow in respectful silence to their decrees, without wishing to penetrate into the mysterious perspective."—Often buried in profound reflection, while walking on the shore, would she gaze upon the immensity of the sea, and exclaim: "Oh ye liquid plains, to which my eye can see no boundary, ah! tell me, what is this little point, this island which you surround, in comparison to your immense extent? Is it the only habitable earth? Do you not wash other shores too remote for our sight? Alas, my mother! you have not acknowledged it; but your secret grief gives me the most potent reasons for the supposition.

"Certainly this earth is not the only one which you encompass; for yonder I view a something immoveable, which, like a fallen cloud, forms a long chain to the extremity of your banks. Perhaps my imagination may deceive me, but in a profound calm I have already believed I heard human voices. What can this be but an earth? It is true, it seems very small; but our great distance from it is the cause. Ah! I know well that the waves appear to diminish afar off; and our cottage, when I view it at the extremity of the island, appears much less than its real dimensions. But if it is an earth as this is, adorned with fields and fruit-trees, without doubt it is inhabited by beings who enjoy it."

"Perhaps these beings are different from those whom I have seen; perhaps they do not resemble me, nor are they alone, but have companions like my lambs. Alas! if it *is so,* why should the thoughts torment *me?* Perhaps it is an earth inhabited by creatures like myself, but who are as numerous as the birds and sheep of our island. Oh! happy mortals!"

Often Melida addressed Semira thus:—"But say, my mother, why remain we always *two,* while other creatures multiply. The young plants rise from the elder ones. Every year we see our flock increase. With what joy they bound with their young offspring!—they rejoice in the pleasures of their existence. I have viewed the union of various birds, and have shed over them many tears.—Seated under the spreading foliage, I have watched them building a commodious nest, and have seen them caress each other upon the branches above with an air of the truest, tenderest friendship and love.—Soon after I found in their nests little eggs:—one covered them with the tenderest care, whilst the other perched upon the surrounding sprays, and warbled the most melodious notes to divert his companion. Every day I visited them. After a little time, instead of eggs, I saw small birds without feathers. They soon became more animated; at length they began to flutter, and took in their beaks small pieces of food, which they received with cries of joy. By degrees they became overspread with plumage, they began to spread their feeble wings; they sprang from their nest, and perched upon the boughs which shaded it. The elder ones flew before to inspire them with courage to follow their example. Oh! my mother! what a charming sight was this! The young

young birds often extended their wings, no doubt, with a wish to fly, and as often were prevented by their fears: the most hardy of them having at last succeeded, chirped, with an air of gladness, the success of his enterprise. Those who remained behind were tempted to join him, and they soon took part in the song of joy.—What strange thoughts this sight occasioned me! —Why are these pleasures forbidden us?"

Semira knew not how to reply to such questions so dangerous to her secret.

"I am ignorant myself of all these circumtances," said she, "because I should suffer uneasiness in the useless research. To form vague ideas is to encourage unnecessary desires, which would disturb my happiness and repose. Why, with a blameable curiosity, will you attempt to question the works of the gods, who alone know what must happen to us, and who will regulate our destinies according to their wills."

"Alas!" replied Melida, "the gods will pardon me; but I cannot forbear to wish that our species would multiply like others. It is true, I am ignorant how they are brought forth; this is no doubt reserved for a higher care; but the plants are produced from their own substance, as well as the different kinds of animals. I have observed them all in their turns. Oh! if I had thus found some little human creature born like ourselves:—ye gods! with what care I should have nursed it! how I should have loved it! But leave me ye dangerous illusions; may the gods protect me! Yet, my dear mother! permit me to ask you one more question:—Have I always been what I am at present? I know well it was by degrees I grew larger, like the other beings which surround me. I remember the time when I was not taller than yonder plant of pinks. It seems then I have been less. It seems there was a time when I began to exist, similar to the shrubs and the birds. Tell me then, (for certainly you existed before me,) tell me, my mother, how, and in what manner you found me, and what passed on the occasion. If you will satisfy me in this, I may perhaps discover the remainder myself."

In this manner Melida distressed her mother by a thousand embarrassing inquiries.—"You afflict me, my child," said Semira: "You afflict me greatly by this strange conversation. I can tell you but little how you began to exist. Being alone, I prayed the gods to give me a companion; and one fine morning, little as you was, I found you under a rose-bush before our cottage. Do not again, too inquisitive girl, torment me with this useless discourse. Cultivate your flowers; play with your young lambs; and do not irritate the gods by your curiosity in asking me questions to which I am not able to reply. Since you have given up yourself to these strange thoughts, you have not ingenuity enough to amuse your mind. You can do nothing but occasion yourself disquietude, and grieve me, while you leave your grotto imperfect, and neglect the cultivation of your plants."

It was thus Semira, a prey to melancholy and distress, lived in solitude with her daughter; but the gods looked upon her with compassionate eyes, and resolved to convert her sadness into joy.—Love was charged with the care of this prodigy; for, in the council of the gods, he was considered as the most capable to make a young maiden happy.

Upon

Upon the continent, opposite to this island, lived a young man of majestic figure, who might have been taken for a divinity when he walked over the flowery meadows or under the shady bower. Often his father related to him the calamities to which his country had been exposed.—"You observe yonder spot in the ocean," said he, pointing with his hand to the island, which they could perceive from their dwelling that stood near the coast. "Formerly a long neck of land extended like an arm into the sea; and, upon an eminence, at its extremity, lived a faithful affectionate couple. Milon was the name of the husband, and Semira that of the wife. Their living pasturages spread from this continent to their cottage; and their flocks grazed from one shore to the other. A daughter, who, at her birth, was a prodigy of grace and beauty, completed their happiness. The women of the country eagerly came to contemplate her charms, and blessed her happy mother. But, about this time, we were all suddenly overwhelmed with affright and terror. One dark and gloomy night, sounds a thousand times more dreadful than thunder spread consternation through all the country. The earth trembled to its very centre; the agitated sea burst over its limits with a most tremendous noise; the accents of terror and desolation resounded in every part.—Never was the sky covered with a more dark and gloomy veil. We were ignorant of the cause of this awful event;—seized with terror and alarm, all ran to the fields; and the break of day exposed to us the ravages of the sea. The tempestuous waves had swept away the pastures which joined Milon's cottage to our continent. It was not until the sun had darted his first warm and cheering rays upon the calm waters, that we discovered yonder island. One of us, to whom the gods had given a more perfect vision, aided by the bright morning beams, observed the habitation of our friend, and the trees which surrounded it. Perhaps he yet exists with his beloved wife; perhaps Melida, for so they called his lovely daughter, condemned to a melancholy solitude, is now the most perfect beauty mortal ever beheld."

The recital of this adventure produced in the mind of the young man the most profound impressions. From this moment he walked often on the coast to reflect on the destinies of the islanders. The regular murmur of the tranquil sea having one day thrown him into a sweet sleep, Cupid hovered round him; the refreshing breeze which proceeded from the motion of his wing served to counter-act the extreme heat of the mid-day sun. He inspired him with a dream. The young man saw the shores of the island; little cupids fluttered under the sacred shades; their attitudes were expressive of melancholy; they appeared to mourn deeply among the intertwining branches of the arbor, and on the flourishing grass-plat. A lovely female, adorned with every grace, and apparently overwhelmed with thought, advanced from the further part of a grove. Her manner was languid; a part of her flaxen hair flowed carelessly over her shoulders, the remainder was tied round her head with a sprig of myrtle. Her expressive face was ravishingly pale, like the gathered rose faded on the bosom of a young beauty. She proceeded without noticing the sweet impressions of the zephyrs which played around her, or heeding the blooming flowers that amorously twined over her feet,

and

and sent forth the most odoriferous perfumes. She did not perceive the luscious fruit. It was in vain the trees weighed down their branches and invited her to taste of their abundance. She stopped upon the beach, and cast her melancholy eyes toward the opposite and distant shore. She raised her alabaster arms, and appeared to implore succour. At this moment the young man conceived he floated upon the ocean. He flew to the unfortunate fair one; Cupid appeared to receive him upon the bowery banks, and conduct the lovely female to his trembling arms. He saw the little loves fluttering above, and surrounding them with garlands, while, with the gentle agitation of their wings, they embalmed them with the perfume of flowers. The heart of the young man palpitated high; his burning cheeks glowed with the blush of the rose; but when he extended his arms to clasp the lovely object, they inclosed nothing but loose air, and met without resistance.

He at length awoke, and remained some time lost in ecstasy.

"Ye gods!" exclaimed he with trembling lips, "where am I? Has she escaped my arms? Alas! I am upon this shore, and the island is afar off! A dream! a dream has deceived me; and I am—I feel I am—rendered unhappy for ever."

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from Vol. XXXI. page 665.)

EMILY thought time fled on tardy wings till the hour arrived in which she was again to see her much valued friend, accompanied by her father; which was a much greater favour than ever her most sanguine expectations had led her to hope. At length the wished-for moment came: the enraptured Susan could not find language to express her sensations on this fresh proof of her friend's kindness. After a few moments spent in ecstatic astonishment, on seeing that person present who, of all others, she thought had the least knowledge of his daughter's attachment to her brother, she, at Emily's request, related her misfortunes and uncomfortable situation with the greatest candour and sensibility, speaking of her sister and aunt with caution and delicacy; although her words left Mr. Veronne every reason to conjecture that they had behaved with great severity to her, as Emily had previously informed him that she never was a favourite with her haughty relative. Yet, nevertheless, her innate goodness of heart forbore to censure their conduct, though a peculiar air of concern and despondency pervaded her countenance when she mentioned them, and convinced Mr. Veronne they were far from kind to her. Much pleased with the ingenuousness of Susan's disposition, added to her unassuming gentleness, deeply affected by the sad events she had experienced, and conscious Emily entertained a sincere and permanent regard for her, he embraced her alternately with his daughter, calling them his beloved children, drying up their tears, and calming the perturbations of their bosoms, by saying:—"My dear girls, no longer assume such an air of exactness; cherish not despondency in your bosoms; it ill befits your young countenances, which should be the seat of cheerfulness and vivacity. I must confess you have met with many troubles; you have been bereft of all that is most dear to the human heart, in the loss of

of this lieutenant Norton, so worthy your mutual regret, at least if he be such as he has been represented by one whose veracity I have no reason to doubt. Your good sense must convince you the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Who knows but what you at present deem so disastrous may be some unforeseen method of accomplishing your most ardent wishes? Let me exhort you to regard an old man's advice. I have seen much of the world; have experienced many of its most agonising cares, while tossed to and fro on life's tempestuous ocean; yet I hope I have gained the haven of tranquillity at last."

At these words he cast an expressive glance on his daughter, as if to say, If I have ensured your peace I have nought else to wish.

Here a pause ensued; when, recollecting himself, he resumed, with a heart-felt sigh, recurring memory placing in a forcible light former scenes before his eyes—"I have been young, my girls, but now am old; consequently my observations have been the result of judicious reflections, formed in my career through life; therefore attend to what I say:—In every ruffling storm which may arise to disconcert the spirits, maintain a serene and placid countenance, and a bosom filled with calm and resigned acquiescence to all the events brought upon you. Amidst all the evils which threaten you, look to heaven for support; and doubt not but they will be either averted or turned to your advantage. Let all anxious cares, all tumultuous passions for the precarious things of this sublunary state, no more rest in your bosoms; it is folly to disquiet the soul about those pursuits you cannot in the smallest degree, by your anxiety, either accelerate or prevent. Weigh well your duty on the great stage of life; perform the part allotted you with diligence; make virtue your guide, and leave the result of all your undertakings to that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity, who sees at once the whole thread of your existence, and will not fail to provide for you according to your several necessities."

These admonitions were not thrown away on his attentive auditors: they resolved in future to be more resigned to whatever disappointments might befal them.

Jesse Norton now terminated their discourse by entering with a message from Mrs. Gregory, begging to see the persons who had so much interested Susan. They immediately prepared to obey the summons; Jesse led the way through long dreary passages, which bore a strong resemblance to the subterraneous vaults of a dungeon, and impressed Mr. Veronne with a recollection of the prison he had so long suffered in. When arrived at the entrance of the apartment in which this formal lady was to receive them, Jesse wished them to wait till she had informed her they were there, in readiness to answer any questions she might choose to ask. Upon this intelligence, the model of antiquity adjusted the laces of her head-dress, put on as stately a turn of countenance as she possibly could, puckered up her mouth quite in form, and assumed what she termed a dignified appearance; seated on an antique high-backed chair, the covering of which had apparently been worked in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Thus sat this paragon of ancient grandeur to receive two persons who disclaimed all pomp and parade as much as she esteemed it, and to whom the generous effusions of a virtuous soul were far more acceptable than any

any thing her affluence could bestow.

After a few preparatory hems, which kept her audience in expectation of something wonderfully impressive, she, in an authoritative tone of voice, inquired what was their business with the girl, the dependent on her bounty; adding, by way of preliminary of what was to follow—" I don't suffer persons whom I keep merely out of charity to contract friendships and entertain strangers in my house without permission from me." Without waiting any reply from her astonished hearers, she begged them no more to intrude over the prescribed limits of her grounds.

Mr. Veronne took advantage of a minute's pause to add weight to her harangue, and related the whole particulars of his daughter's attachment to the brother of Susan, consequently her esteem to his sister, whom she had long wished to see, and had now gratified her wishes. At the mention of her affection for Norton, rage usurped the place of ambition; fury like, she exclaimed, "All connections of that kind were studiously avoided by the young man you so boldly asperse: I countenanced him from his childhood, and infused into his soul much higher notions; he valued my favour too much thus to degrade himself; firmly persuaded, if he formed any plebeian alliance with a person of mean extraction—no famous warrior or statesman in the genealogy of her ancestry—I should never notice him more—rash boy—No—I do not doubt the—"

Emily attempting to speak, she resumed: "No more, miss What-do-they-call-ye—I am not to be imposed upon by your fictitious whinings. *You*, indeed, pretend to aspire to the person whom I intend to honour as heir to the noble domains of the great Bertrand!—the famous Walter Gregory!—High pretensions, truly!"

Mr. Veronne could patiently hear her no longer; he desired Emily instantly to quit the room, and, turning round to the enraged lady, said, "Madam, you may depend on my never again entering the house of a person distinguished only by the base inhospitable conduct of its owner—who, possessing no worthy qualifications of her own to endear her to society, resorts to the actions of a mouldering ancestry to gain her the esteem of her fellow-creatures, which you may rest assured is a very fragile fabric—no sooner raised than demolished."

Thus saying, he bowed very respectfully and left the room, and the angry dame, highly mortified to hear how lightly she was esteemed, when she thought her residence was enrolled in the annals of fame as a seat of ancient hospitality and magnificence. To be thus scandalised was absolutely more than she could conveniently brook, consequently all the blame rested on the innocent Susan, as the objects of her vengeance were out of her reach.—In vain the inoffensive girl endeavoured to vindicate the conduct of her absent friends: she would not hear a syllable in their favour; but desired, under pain of eternal banishment from her presence, to see them no more. Susan did not much regard her menaces, as she preferred even servitude to dependance on such an unfeeling wretch, whose indignities she had long experienced; and to see her sister rather second her views than console her was another source of uneasiness. In fact, the latter had imbibed too many of the traits of Mrs. Gregory's character to be any comforter of the hapless Susan, whose disposition exhibited an exact contrast.

M 2 Distressed

Distressed beyond measure, although the words of Mr. Veronne dwelt on her mind, she retired to her apartment, the one inhabited by her beloved brother whenever he was with his aunt. Hours did she spend over a small collection of books, selected from the works of the most valued authors:—there could she read over the passages she knew he admired: their tastes being exactly similar, those marked by him were inestimable treasures to the mind of his amiable sister. Thus employed in reading over his favourite pieces of poetry, and turning over his books and other little curiosities, had she spent much of her leisure since her residence with her relation. Though time had worn away the pure sense of those youthful days when they had oft repeated together many of those pieces of poetry they in maturer years still admired, yet memory at times brought them forcibly back, and her very soul hung over the recollection.

"Ah! never more shall those happy days," exclaimed she, "return, when yet an artless child I wandered over our little scope of land! those sweet rural walks!—For ever in infancy were we united. Poor Edward and Jesse never claimed that share of attention Lucius and myself bestowed on each other.

"Ah, happy age! when youth's delusive ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth;
Ere yet they know the pangs which lurking lie
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth!"

"Wretched indeed!" exclaimed Susan.—"Were my kind-hearted, generous brother with me, I should want no other protector; or, were my poor father's reason restored, how gladly would I retire from the busy world of care and confusion—

"Where prosperous Folly treads on patient Worth,
And to deaf Pride Misfortune pleads in vain."

"Ah! most gladly would I leave all its pleasures; and in some lonely cot, almost impervious to human eye, importune some humane Christian to compassionate my distress, and afford me some means of gaining a subsistence for myself and indigent parent!"

Her mind, thus resorting to imaginary scenes, wandered from her own sensations; and, absorbed in thought, she remained alone all day in her brother's apartment, which was seldom entered by either her sister or aunt, as the books and other trifles it contained of his choice claimed little attention from persons whose tastes were so diametrically opposite; though at times he was compelled to coincide with her in many respects contrary to his own feelings, hoping by that means one day to enjoy the affluence she possessed, by converting it to far better purposes.

In the mean time Mr. Veronne saw his daughter's spirits were not amended by his visit to her friend, which certainly they were not; for Emily trembled for the fate of poor Susan, who was left unprotected to meet the anger of her cruel relative: yet she avoided saying too much about her, wishing her father to act as he thought proper. Mr. Veronne seeing her uneasiness, and knowing nothing would contribute so much to her happiness as the society of her friend, and at the same time feeling for the sufferings of this unfortunate girl, determined, at all events, to take her as a companion to his daughter; hoping that would elevate her depressed spirits, when his own efforts had entirely failed.

The next day, Mrs. Gregory accidentally meeting with Susan, and the sight

sight of her increasing the antipathy she had conceived against her, she fell into a violent passion, and, with her forbidding features distorted by rage, commanded her instantly to leave her house, as she could endure her in her sight no longer. Thus was Susan reduced to the sad extremity of leaving that house instantly, not knowing whither to direct her steps; nor even daring to ask her sister to intercede for her, to procure her another night's lodging. Her only resource was her friend Emily; and knowing she would, if it was in her power, afford her a temporary asylum, she hasted to the inn where they resided, and demanded permission to speak with her friend. She was conducted to their apartment; and, after begging pardon for her intrusion, briefly related Mrs. Gregory's ill treatment of her, submissively requesting them to recommend her as servant to any of their acquaintance who might want one.

This intelligence pierced Emily to the heart. She fixed her eyes steadfastly on her father; knowing what he had said concerning her, and not doubting but he would now make his proposal: but not a word escaped his lips. He never noticed her, but soon arose and left them to form their own conjectures on his conduct. Emily was surprised and almost distracted to think she could afford her friend no assistance without the approbation of her father. She knew not what to attribute his distant behaviour to, after he had expressed his intention of taking her into his family as her companion. Susan reciprocally partook of her friend's distress. She saw likewise the cold behaviour of Mr. Veronne, and knew Emily's inability of rendering her assistance without her parent's leave. Unable to bear the sad prospect before her with fortitude, she burst into tears, which infection was soon caught by the sensibility of Emily. They fervently embraced each other, and vowed inviolable friendship, though at present they must be separated. Emily promised to use her utmost endeavours with her father to bring him to perform his promise, and doubted not but, when many little circumstances were explained, and he believed her no longer culpable, she should be successful; adding, "His goodness of heart, I am conscious, wil not suffer him to neglect the dearest friend of his daughter, for whose peace he has always testified the greatest anxiety."

The absent Norton was the next subject of conversation. Susan, as usual, expatiated largely on his good qualities, and bitterly lamented that her misfortunes were rendered doubly distressing, by being thus deprived of him who could have afforded her so much comfort. —"Ah, my dearest Emily!" added the still weeping girl, "were I assured he yet lived, and there was any possibility of discovering his retreat, I would brave all dangers, and personally tell him, although he had been so long an exile from his native country, there was yet one friend who anxiously sighed for his return."

"Ah, beloved resemblance of your adored brother!" answered Emily, "you might venture to say, that friend to whom you allude never has, nor can enjoy happiness, in a country from which the chief object who could render life desirable is estranged. Ah! believe me, my Susan, bereft of your society, and receiving no intelligence of your beloved brother, this long oppressed heart must yield to the poignant anguish I have so long endured. In spite of my tender father's assiduities, I can never again support your absence.

absence. It is you alone can alleviate my sensations. If any compensation is to be had for the loss of your brother, it is to you I must fly; for in your lineaments are pourtrayed the features engraven in my very soul, that gentleness and generosity of sentiment which endeared him doubly to me, and which I can only find in you."

Mr. Veronne now entered the room, which he had before so abruptly left to avoid any intercession Emily might make for her friend; as he, from some latent motive, thought he would not take Susan if his daughter would be happy without her. But after he had left them, fearing Emily's spirits might be too much hurt on hearing of her friend's distress, and knowing they had before received a severe shock, he returned back to the door, and overheard the foregoing conversation. Finding, therefore, from the state of her mind, it were entirely useless to attempt longer to oppose a passion he found rooted in her very nature, he could no longer add to an uneasiness which, if augmented, might be attended with serious consequences. When he entered the room, therefore, he assumed a gay aspect; saying, he flattered himself he had brought an antidote to dry up their tears. Seeing them appear anxious to know, he asked miss Susan Norton if she would accept his proposal to reside with him, as companion to Emily? Susan in vain endeavoured to express her thanks, tears choked all utterance. She grasped the extended hand of her benefactor with energy, and an expression in her weeping countenance spoke more forcibly her feelings than the most studied eloquence. The big drop of sensibility fell down the cheek of Emily, as she poured forth her acknowledgments for such an indulgence. Delighted beyond conception, they for a moment thought their first wishes accomplished, — flattering themselves that comfort would now be theirs which they had so long been strangers to, and which they were conscious they should enjoy in each other's society.

(To be continued.)

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS.

(Continued from Vol. XXXI. page 631.)

HERE Juliet remained for some time; and then proceeded leisurely along the ramparts, ever and anon stopping to survey the prospect; till coming to a stone bench, at an angle of the building that commanded an extensive view, she seated herself on it, and contemplated the moon-lighted landscape. She looked along the eastern rampart, over a considerable space, broken into hill and vale, and dark with woods of cypress, pine, and chesnut; in the midst of which appeared scattered dwellings of peasantry, and beyond them other cottages on the banks of a small river, that wound down the mountain's side, and emptied itself into the Mediterranean. The east and south presented a more tremendous appearance: she now beheld a great extent of inaccessible rocks, rising one behind another till the distant horizon shut them from her sight; vast forests spreading over the rugged steeps, and immense chasms disclosing beyond other rocky regions that extended to an immeasurable distance, thickly covered, like other parts, with innumerable trees. The moon, illuminating the whole expanse casting on

on the trees a trembling lustre, and on every object stronger masses of light and shade, produced a grand effect on the wild features of the scene.

The tranquillity of the hour, the stillness of every thing around, and the loneliness of the place, cherished Juliet's propensity to sadness; she ruminated upon the happiness of past times; upon the happiness which she might have enjoyed in the society of Rudolpho and Manfredi, had they not been snatched from her. She almost unconsciously gave way to the feelings which those thoughts excited, and abandoned herself to a luxury of grief.

While thus she sat engrossed entirely by reflections, which, though sorrowful, she found some degree of pleasure and consolation in giving way to, and in weeping over the remembrance of past occurrences, the sky became suddenly obscured by thick and heavy clouds—the moon withdrew its light—the gentle breeze that had breathed along the ramparts, tempering the extreme heat of the air, subsided into a death-like stillness—the waters ceased their murmurs, and not the slightest sound or movement disturbed the still and sullen pause which preceded a violent storm. All nature seemed concentrating power to sustain the convulsion. It came onward; but Juliet saw it not till, in few minutes, it burst upon her. A strong flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a tremendous crash of thunder, quickly roused her. She started from her seat, and, perceiving a door close to her, hastened towards it. Scarcely had she advanced two steps when another and louder clap of thunder rolled through the air, and large drops of rain began to fall. More alarmed than before, she pushed against the door. It was fastened, but so slightly that it yielded without much difficulty to her touch; she set it open, and stood in the entrance, far enough to shelter her from the rain which beat in.

The storm now increased considerably. The lightning gleamed in long and quick succeeding flashes,—the thunder rolled almost without intermission,—the wind rose,—the waves beat violently against the walls of the castle, and the rain descended in torrents.

With much anxiety and alarm Juliet beheld the fury of the tempest; and the sense of her situation, alone at midnight, in a deserted part of the castle, remote from that which was inhabited, did not at all contribute to lessen those emotions; but the solitude and darkness within, and the dreadful noise and violence of contending elements without, impressed her mind more powerfully; and she felt a thousand strange thoughts and nameless apprehensions throng upon her mind. Yet, though she found, in spite of effort, every minute gave them greater strength, she shrunk from quitting the place; for the vehemency of the storm, together with the length of the way she must go exposed to it, deterred her from the attempt; and she saw no other alternative but to explore the way from her present situation through the deserted apartments within, or to remain where she was till the storm abated: the mere suggestion of the first, inspiring so much terror, was sufficient, without considering other circumstances which might render it impracticable, to make the last preferable.

In the mean time she cast a fearful glance within; and, venturing to survey the place where she stood, perceived that it was a small spot, near the cieling of a very lofty and exten-

extensive apartment, to which she imagined a narrow winding flight of stairs, that the lightning discovered close to her, communicated. Looking over the marble balustrade, which closed one end of the spot where she was, upon the void below, she discerned a range of massy pillars, and a lofty arch, at the entrance of which appeared large iron gates of open work: the lightning, with repeated flashes, streaming through a lofty window at the upper end, and darting incessantly athwart the place, yielded light, which, though imperfect and momentary, was sufficient to discover the form of those things; and likewise of an altar-piece, from which, from the various images she beheld about, and from the sculpture on the roof, Juliet conjectured the place to have been the chapel of the castle.

Juliet had not remained many minutes in this state, when she thought she heard, between the claps of thunder, a low and hollow sound. Again the same sound reached her ear; and, in a few moments, a faint ray of light gleamed upon the pavement below, apparently proceeding from some passage directly beneath her. It grew stronger, and presently illuminated a considerable space. It moved forward, and Juliet beheld a tall figure, bearing a light, move slowly between the pillars. She watched its motions, till, coming to a particular spot, the light and figure vanished from her sight. The lightning glared with quicker and more powerful flashes; the whole place seemed illuminated; the thunder rolled more tremendously over the fabric, and the storm raged with redoubled violence. In vain did Juliet endeavour to shake off the impression the sight of this figure had left upon her mind; in spite of endeavour, superstitious horror gained fast upon her; and she thought the half-formed apprehensions she had felt when she entered here were now realised.

(To be continued.)

The History *of* ROBERT *the* BRAVE.

(Continued from p. 19.)

FOR some time the countess had neglected to cultivate her musical and other ornamental talents, though she still occasionally exercised them for her amusement. She was perfectly well acquainted with the history of her family, and that of the country in which her relatives occupied a high station. She knew the names of all the knights who had rendered themselves illustrious by heroic exploits. The ladies of her time rarely possessed knowledge so extensive, and she was considered as an extraordinary woman; but those who were most frequently in her company, and her female attendants, conceived that she mingled somewhat of haughtiness with the dignity suitable to her rank. Elvige was as yet too young to make any observations on the character of the countess. She passed the greater part of her time with the women who waited on her; and was not permitted to come into the presence of her patroness without being called. She was rigorously restricted to the ceremonial prescribed by the distance between her and her mistress, and accustomed never to approach her but with the greatest respect. But Elvige, considering these duties as indispensable, fulfilled them with so good a grace, and showed so great a desire and so much assiduity to please, that the countess was perfectly

fectly well satisfied; and remarked with pleasure the expression of joy which shone in the charming countenance of the amiable child at the slightest mark of her favour.

The influence of the graces, and mildness of disposition, is powerful and universally felt; even pride itself cannot resist it. The countess was generous and good. Never were her benefactions solicited in vain. Her heart flew to anticipate distress; nor could she rest till she had lavished her bounty in its aid. She required only that it should never be forgotten, that she was of the blood of the princes of Thoulouse, and that the greatest respect was due to her birth and rank. The behaviour of the young Elvige accorded so well with every thing the countess could require, or even wish, that the latter interested herself sincerely and warmly in her favour, and resolved to make her her damsel of honour.

Recollecting, therefore, how proper it was that the person she deigned to admit to the honour of her society should be embellished by elegant and ornamental accomplishments, she resolved that she would herself superintend her first attempts in the musical art. Want of practice rendered less lively and brilliant the first tones she drew from her harp; but her happy memory perfectly retained several songs which had been written in her honour, and especially the stanzas of the page, which had made a greater impression on her than any others. She had herself composed the accompaniments to them, noted them down with her own hand, and carefully preserved them. She always sung them with very apparent pleasure; and when her voice, becoming animated, gave a more tender or lively expression to some of the couplets, Elvige, with all the innocence and simplicity of her age, would request her to repeat them; and this favour was never refused.

The delicate hand of the countess's youthful pupil learned with facility to draw forth soft and melodious sounds from her harp; and her flexible and sonorous voice, guided by an attentive and discriminating ear, readily imitated the accents she heard; and a few months were sufficient to convince the countess, that the daughter of Robert would one day equal herself in these accomplishments.

Though Fortune, in fact, had not placed Elvige on a throne, Nature had done every thing for her. The charms of her countenance, the elegance of her stature, the lightness and ease of her motions, and the regularity of her features, rendered it evident, that to the seductive attraction of grace she would soon add the commanding power of beauty.

Her lively and acute wit, her docility, her delicacy, the tears she shed when she heard the narrative of misfortune, and the animated smile of joy which illumined her countenance when it was in her power to bestow relief, were the certain indications that she would one day possess the most noble qualities of the mind and heart. Such was she, in fine, that the countess sometimes regretted, though secretly, that she was not her daughter. Enchanted with the progress her pupil made in music, she proceeded likewise to give her some idea of drawing; and the ingenious Elvige profited so readily by her lessons, that, in a short time, she equalled her instructress; and had no other resource to complete herself in the art but to imitate the works of nature. The flowers of the parterres in the castle-gardens supplied her with

with models; and her productions of this kind were the prizes which Roger and Robert disputed with eager rivalry.

While every day added to the strength, the address, and the stature of the two youths, and adorned Elvige with new charms, Roger and Robert completed their eighteenth year. Elvige was in her sixteenth; and displayed such beauty, embellished by the accomplishments she had acquired, that the count and countess began to feel the necessity of changing the plan of education they had hitherto followed. The countess formally announced to the amiable Elvige, that she would deign to raise her to the rank of her damsel of honour. She would confide to no person but herself the important care of instructing her in the duties annexed to this station. Her principal lesson was a long and pompous enumeration of the rights and honours attached to high birth, and all the marks of respect which vassals owed to their lords. She did not attempt to conceal the immense distance which separated count Roger from the companion of his exercises. She intimated to her pupil that she must no longer treat them in the same manner; and that on all occasions she must only speak to the son of her lord with every expression of the greatest deference. This command gave Elvige no kind of uneasiness: it even appeared to her useless to lay on her an injunction to show respect to the amiable Roger. Her feeling and grateful heart saw in him the son and heir of her benefactors: to respect and admire him was with her a sentiment which every day acquired new strength; and her lips and her heart promised, without difficulty, to revere and be most faithfully attached to him.

If the changes which had taken place in the manner of treating Elvige made no disagreeable impression upon her, it was not so with Robert. He was soon compelled, painfully, to notice the wide distance which had suddenly interposed between himself and Roger. He was still permitted to participate in his exercises; but the first prize he gained, instead of its being accompanied by the caresses he had till then shared with his illustrious rival, he received *a present of some value*, with an assurance, that at all times his good conduct would be rewarded with *benefits* by his *generous* masters.

Robert attached value only to glory; his heart knew no other *benefit* than that of loving Roger, and being beloved by him. He blushed at hearing the promises made to him, and tears rushed into his eyes. But soon he resumed his courage, on reflecting that he should never be separated from his young master; that he should follow him to the wars, and that he might find an opportunity to obtain a death as glorious as that of his father. Consoled by this hope, his zeal only redoubled; he even resolved to dispute more ardently than ever the prizes which had in his eyes been deprived of all their charms, by being accompanied with gifts which he did not desire, though he did not dare to refuse.

Roger, too young, and still more too generous, to have pride, had given himself up, without reserve, to the friendship with which his companion had inspired him from his infancy. In youthful sports, in manly exercises, and martial encounters, he had ever found him his equal; and, displeased at the difference which he now saw was made between them, and impelled by his heart, and a sentiment which he

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knew not as yet to define, he carefully availed himself of every possible means to recompensate to Robert the preference given to himself, and the caresses which were no longer common to them both. His condescension, however, never proceeded so far as purposely to yield to his friend the palm in any contest. It was no longer the amiable Elvige who crowned the victor, but it was still she who gathered the flowers, who intwined them into crowns; and it was always the works of her hands which were bestowed as prizes. Roger could no longer glance his eyes on the sister of his rival without experiencing an extreme agitation. When she was absent, he became uneasy and thoughtful, and sighed for the moment of her return. When she again appeared, he dared not lift his eyes to meet hers; and when he attempted to speak to her he felt his words expire on his lips. Sometimes when he was ready to spring cheerfully towards her, he suddenly felt himself restrained by an invincible timidity, and became as it were motionless. But he quickly regained his strength and activity when he was to dispute a prize which she had proposed. It was in vain, then, that Robert redoubled his efforts; he was most frequently overcome; and Roger, exulting in his success, flew to receive the prize, which he pressed to his heart, and wore on his head as his most valued ornament. Then would he hastily turn towards his friend, and with tender and generous emotion clasp him in his arms, endeavouring to console him by the warmest caresses for the advantage he had gained over him.

Robert, astonished so often to find in his antagonist a superiority of which he was very far from suspecting the cause, redoubled his exertions to render his triumph more difficult. The victory was more obstinately disputed, and long remained uncertain. The number of prizes obtained now became more equal between them; and this generous emulation, in a short time, rendered each of them capable of successfully entering the lists with the most renowned knights.

While the young count, frequently silent and thoughtful, endeavoured to discover the cause of the uneasiness by which he was agitated; while his heart was disquieted at experiencing sentiments so novel and so forcible, the amiable Elvige abandoned herself without reserve to the impulses of gratitude towards her benefactors. The brilliant endowments of Roger made her annex the greatest pleasure to the duty of loving him; and, far from attempting to repress this inclination, she conceived that she only obeyed the injunction of the most indispensible of virtues, when she incessantly repeated, that she could never feel too much admiration and affection for him. But this innocent confidence was soon to disappear; a cruel light was about to illumine her mind and rend her heart.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WHEN I consider the very great importance of dress, and that in particular it is a substitute for merit, and an apology for the want of almost every qualification, I cannot but express my surprise that it has never been put under such wise and judicious regulations as may tend to its perfection, as well as to the security of the public in so essential

an article. Of the importance of dress we shall be fully convinced, if we consider that with some people it in a great measure constitutes what we call a gentleman or a lady; and with others it has altogether this effect, no attention whatsoever being paid to any other qualifications than what are external. Since this is the case, how comes it, I have often asked, that we intrust so important a care to the wisdom of mere mechanics, tailors, hair-dressers, mantua-makers, and milliners? This class of persons may be very honest in their way, and very useful in executing such orders as may be given to them; but I am persuaded it is too much to expect that they should also invent orders, as well as execute them, and make gentlemen as well as gentlemen's clothes.

In all arts and sciences there are some who invent, and some who execute. The former are the happy few who are blessed with original genius to make new discoveries; and the latter, by far the most numerous, are the laborious and industrious persons whose business it is to follow the plans which the others lay down. These parties never are allowed to interfere, for the best of all possible reasons. When the fine taste of a Wyatt has given the plan of a noble mansion, how ridiculous would it appear if the bricklayers and carpenters were allowed to make what alterations they pleased in it! But how much more ridiculous would it be, if, in building a palace, we should not consult a person of his taste and genius, but employ the first common bricklayer or carpenter that came in our way; and that merely because we saw them employed in mixing mortar or sawing wood! Yet, where such a fine piece of mechanism is to be made as a *lady* or *gentleman*, we are not afraid to employ the first tailor or mantua-maker that may be nearest to us, without once considering whether they have much more genius than the tools they work with.

But further, if dress be of the great importance to the nation that I have stated; if without it we should be a nation of clowns and bumpkins, instead of fine ladies and gentlemen (and that this is the case, I presume, no person can deny), ought not so great a concern to be established upon certain fixed principles and laws, that we may not lie at the mercy of people, who have, perchance, very little skill and ability? In matters of finance, what should we think of a chancellor of the exchequer, who, desirous to raise a sum of money, should say to the collectors, the custom-house officers, the excise-officers, or common tax-gatherers: "Go and take from each person what you think fit, or what you please;" and should not lay down a fixed mode of assessing each person according to his dealings in the article to be taxed? This you will allow would be very absurd; but pray, what is it that relieves us from this absurdity, and all the mischief and confusion it would create? It is placing the affair under the controul of a committee of sensible and judicious persons, who know how to accommodate the tax to the general convenience as well as the general good. In a word, it is to our having a parliament to superintend such important national concerns, that we are indebted for their being so excellently well managed.

Profiting by these hints, my idea is to propose that a parliament should be summoned for the express purpose of weighing and considering all the grave and important matters of dress. In this, not a

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cap, not a ribband, a button, nor a button-hole, should be allowed to pass without having gone through all the regular forms of first, second, and third reading; with solemn debates from time to time, and suitable amendments, &c. After the bill enacting a coat or a gown of such a particular description had passed, the tailors and mantua-makers might then proceed according to law, and make up the same for their customers. Nor would this be any injury to them, by not giving play to their ingenuity. Far from it; they might still be rivals, and a good tailor distinguished from a bad one. For, as one man understands a law more readily and better than another, so, of two tailors who have the same kind of coat to make, one may make it a great deal more readily and substantial than the other. Add to this, that some would always have the advantage over others in the goodness of the materials, and some in expedition.

It may be a question with my readers, of what description of persons this parliament should be composed. In the first place, then, I think it ought to be a rule that no person shonld be eligible to sit in it who has a seat in the other parliament. The duties of these two are incompatible. It would be truly ridiculous to combine them; and I humbly apprehend they might exist together without any jealousy of each other's fame. A man may be a very good judge of the shape of a coat, who would make but a sorry figure in a debate upon the army estimates; and, on the other hand, one who has made a most brilliant speech on the probable extent and duration of the war, would not envy him who has gained a proportional degree of fame from an harangue on the length or breadth of a sash. It would besides be highly improper that the same persons should legislate for both. A man, whose gravity and depth of wisdom had been employed in a committee upon a pair of new pantaloons, would have very little left to bestow on the state of the navy; and he who had sat for hours on the propriety of taking away or adding lappels to his waistcoat, might probably not be able immediately to divert his thoughts to foreign affairs. The same genius would not serve to deliberate on a tax, and on a new collar, or to propose an amendment in a negotiation and a neckcloth.

Secondly, having now stated who ought not to sit in this parliament, I beg leave to propose who should. It should then be composed of two houses, equivalent to lords and commons; the former elected for life, and the honour made hereditary in their families; all of whom should live in the fashionable squares at the west end of the town. No person whatever, although living in those squares, ought to be eligible, if it can be proved that he possesses, or has possessed within three calendar months, previous to the period of election, a counting-house, warehouse, or house of business, within the city of London, or the liberties thereof. Nevertheless, the said person, or any citizen of London, should be eligible to sit in the lower-house, which ought to consist of such persons in middling life, that all classes of it may be represented.

A parliament thus constituted, would soon have sufficient business to employ one week in each month to enact laws for the remainder of the said month. Their controul should be over every article whatsoever that makes any part of dress; or, in other words, that constitutes a lady or gentleman. But it may be expected that the *ladies* ought to be

be eligible to sit in this parliament. I have foreseen this, and provided accordingly. It is not my plan that they should be members of parliament, lest the debates might be carried to an inconvenient length; but I propose, as our constitution consists at present of the two houses only, that a certain number of ladies of the first taste, *ton*, and fashion, shall be selected for a *privy-council*, to consider of all the bills passed by the two houses; and that one of their number shall be elected monthly, as the *executive power*, to give the assent to such bills, constituting them thereby laws. I trust, therefore, that by this regulation I have fully provided for the dignity and honour of the sex, by placing them at the very top of the fashion.

If such a plan as I have now laid down had been carried into execution some years ago, our manufacture of ladies and gentlemen would have been greatly improved. We should not have seen, at one time, the whole female sex in a state of pregnancy; nor all the gentlemen of London with their necks swathed, as if poultices had been applied to them. These absurdities would at once have been rejected, and the human shape regularly repaired and amended by act of parliament. It would not have been the fashion at one time to be blind, and at another time to be lame. Matters would not have been one day concealed from the most prying eyes, and the next exposed to the inspection of the blindest beholder. And permit me to add, that black wigs would not, perhaps, have been thought an improvement of fair faces; and, as no *half-measures* would have been permitted in such a parliament, I have my doubts whether *Spencers* would not have been prohibited, as an infringement on great coats.

I am, sir, &c.

A GENTLEMAN.

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR. N° II.

On the ARTS *and* SCIENCES.

WHETHER the arts and sciences have been of more prejudice or benefit to mankind, is a question to which the attention of many philosophers has long been directed.—Those who argue for their advantages, endeavour to substantiate their universal utility, and the unquestionable benefits they afford to society, from the impossibility of a numerous class of civilised beings obtaining the means of subsistence in a small and confined tract of country when destitute of them.—This position affords the polemic, in no inconsiderable degree, a wide field of controversial argument; and it may with undoubted precision be maintained, from the pleasure attending the acquisition, and the eminent influence science displays in the promotion and ascendancy of practical morality. While other philosophers, of the opposite opinion, rest the proof of their argument on the evidence which inhabitants of uncultivated lands exhibit of felicity and rustic innocence, though devoid of the advantages learning most unquestionably confers; enumerating, at the same time, the vicious enormities of polished society; commenting, with a degree of enlargement by no means admissible, upon the oppression, the barbarity, and the sanguinary struggles that must inevitably precede a civilised league; and pressing, in the language of modern sophistry, the equiformity of situations in a state of barbarism as more eligible than the usurped subordination of a more polished European government. This controversy has given unbounded scope to the indolent sallies of superficial speculation; and has been maintained with more elaborate, if not,

not, perhaps, unqualified ardour, than cool reasoning or philosophical sagacity. The part of mankind who are of opinion that the sciences are of infinite advantage to a polished nation are indubitably accurate in their judgments; and those who, on the other hand, depicture savages inhabiting desert wilds as fully happy without them are equally so. But when the former contend that the liberal arts would be the most prominent and *universal good* to the solitary barbarian in a desolate wilderness, in as much because they are truly conducive to the welfare and happiness of the native of a populous city; or the latter, warped by prejudice, and deaf to the evidence of reason, insist that the total disregard and neglect of them would materially benefit mankind, and therefore would banish them as well from polite and crowded states as from the inhabitants of a dreary waste,—they both labour under the most glaring misconception; since that learning and culture of the rational faculties, whence we derive those mental acquisitions which spontaneously produce

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul,"

and constitute the *summum bonum* of an enlightened European, would be little otherwise than a misery, and always subject to a vacuity the bosom of a tenant of an Asiatic wilderness.

So much premised, let us for a moment transport our imagination to the uncivilised parts of the globe. There let us view the precarious native, destitute of every superfluity, yet as fond of ease, comfort, and happiness, as the most refined human being. We must suppose the earth lies barren and uncultivated for miles around him, and, of course, that he will prefer hunting to the fatigue (admitting him to possess a knowledge of agriculture) which might enable him to obtain subsistence for himself and family. And it is certain, we may conclude, he will rather adhere to this mode of living for two strong and cogent reasons: the one, because it is obtained with less labour and weariness to himself than the cultivation of land; and the other, because his present food is more natural, and consequently more congenial to his palate.—Hence, then, instinct and reason induce him to give a decided preference in favour of an easy, though uncertain luxury, compared with a life, which, while demanding more exertion and labour, would amply counterbalance both, by the permanent resources it affords.—It is obvious, that the conviction of his preferable ease and felicity will influence him to persevere in his natural barbarism. It should seem, also, that the sciences would avail him but little in the regulation of his conduct; as, in fact, on an investigation, they would become the objects of his disgust. Reason very justly demonstrates, that, before an art or pursuit becomes a *desideratum*, it must first attract and interest our curiosity, and then our rational faculties may undergo the voluntary fatigue of exploring its source and effect. The appearances exciting our attention, for the most part, arise from experience and minute investigation; and these, in great measure, generate from education and an intimate knowledge of different countries. But few are the objects that present themselves to the view of the solitary barbarian, and fewer still that attract his regard. The only affairs that prompt his concern are, the food his snare or bow affords him, or the humble hovel he constructs.

Pleasureable gratification adds impulse to curiosity; and, without

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it, few objects become the height of our ambition, the summit of our wishes, or the requiem of our necessities. The enjoyment of a favourite object prompts our desires, and rouses our passions in the pursuit. Hence, as our enjoyments increase, so progressively will our scientific researches extend. But among those who inhabit a desert, a wilderness, or those countries where almost every enjoyment is wanting, reason seems to have lost her stimulus, and sense appears smothered by ignorance and inactivity. Here, then, speculation would become the superficial business of fools, and the image it forms would alone be its reward. Thus far the unlettered savage is wisely judicious, in not wasting his time in the pursuit of those attainments which neither nature urges, nor gratification impels him to desire. He is perfectly content in the knowledge of the few circumstances that promote his own happiness; and this knowledge, though circumscribed within narrow limits, might, by a further extension, render him the victim of misery, in as much as it would tend to throw a beam of light on his own rude situation, and, showing its misery, create disgust and uneasiness, without suggesting a guidance to direct him to avoid it. Ignorance may be justly defined the palladium and basis of a poor man's happiness; and hence it should appear, to disseminate the sciences among a barbarous people would so far prove of mischievous consequences, that it would plunge them into a state of wretchedness nature never intended them.—Thus then it is, without hesitation, admitted, a life of simplicity is best calculated for a solitary state.

Now, on the contrary, in a country where the inhabitants are numerous and civilised, the sciences are not only a necessary acquisition, but of immediate utility; and, indeed, so far from flourishing, such a country could scarcely subsist without them; for it is notorious, that the arts are not only intended to instruct men to produce the greatest possible advantages from a small and limited possession, but to curb them within the boundaries of a prescribed enjoyment.

HENRY FRANCES.

February, 1801.

IDDA *of* TOKENBURG; *or, the* FORCE *of* JEALOUSY.

(*Continued from p.* 34.)

THE young count Henry of Tokenburg, the friend and ally of the father of Idda, had frequently been at Kirchberg, but had never seen the beautiful Idda, of whom all the attendants of her father's court spoke with ardent admiration.—Curiosity prompted him to endeavour to obtain a sight of this lovely but reserved maiden. He therefore assumed the habit of a pilgrim, put on a long false-beard, stained his countenance of a pale hue, and, taking his harp, on which he could play exquisitely, went to the castle of his friend, the baron of Kirchberg. There he sat himself down on the pilgrim's-seat, and sang to his harp. He was soon surrounded by the attendants of the castle, who listened with admiration to his melodious voice, and his matchless performance on his instrument; but he saw not yet the beautiful Idda. He then proceeded to relate to his wondering auditors an invented story of the dangers he had encountered, and the sufferings he had endured. All listened to his tale of woe with moistened eyes, and all offered charitable relief to the unfortunate wanderer.

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"Now came likewise Idda, not attracted by his melodious song, but by his misfortunes, concerning which she questioned him with a commiserating and soothing voice. The brave count, at the sight of so much beauty, became confused and silent. He accepted from the hands of Idda a noble gift, and received at the same time in his heart one of the most ardent arrows of love.

"A few days after he returned to Kirchberg in his real character. In a confidential interview, he discovered to the father of Idda his passion for his daughter, the artifice by which he had obtained a sight of her, and his eager wish that he might be deemed worthy to obtain her hand. The baron conducted the manly and accomplished youth to the apartment of Idda. "I bring you," said he, "my daughter, the aged pilgrim, at the story of whose misfortunes you shed so many tears. He may now try the experiment whether in his real person he can make a similar impression on you. He is count Henry of Tokenburg."

"Still more silent and more confused than when he first beheld the beauteous Idda, stood now the count before the lovely maiden.—With looks expressive of the tenderest love and respect, he at length entreated that he might be permitted sometimes to see her, and Idda granted his request. Soon they saw each other every day; and their interviews produced in the heart of Idda friendship, which ripened into confidence, and at length became love. Henry solicited the invaluable gift of her hand and her heart. She replied as became a modest maiden, according to the manners of her time; but a delicate blush, a tender trepidation, and a gentle sigh, discovered sufficiently her true meaning.

"During a whole year count Henry solicited the hand of Idda; her heart he had before. At length her father gave his consent, and she surrendered her maiden lips to the kiss of love imprinted on them by the ardent youth. He was ready to expire with ecstasy; for see, Julia, see, when that beauty lived!———

"The count now took his beauteous affianced bride home to his court on a visit. There she now, for the first time, made her appearance among the knights; and you may easily conceive how soon and how eagerly the more youthful among them pressed around her. She perceived without attending to their assiduities; for her whole heart was devoted to her Henry. The fervid glances of the admiring knights never excited the least emotion of vanity in her modest heart, and yet was count Henry jealous."

"Jealous! How could that be possible?"

"The manners of those times were licentious, and from the females whom he had known he drew his conclusions respecting Idda.—In fine, he was jealous. Every friendly glance which Idda might cast on a knight, every smile, every word she addressed to another, though she could not avoid uttering it, drew on her the distrust of her lord. He at length avowed suspicion in strong and even harsh terms; and Idda returned to the solitary castle of her father, sooner than perhaps Henry himself might have wished her."

"To remove, no doubt, every cause for jealousy. Good and amiable woman!"

"Hear now, Julia, what followed. The father of Idda was engaged in a fierce contest with the count of Kiburg. There had long been a deadly feud between their two houses, which had descended from father to son for several generations.

rations. There was likewise an ancient animosity between the counts of Kiburg and the house of Tokenburg which was in strict alliance with that of Kirchberg. Various circumstances had increased this animosity into violent enmity, and the three families had mutually sworn the death and destruction of each other. Their martial bands were drawn up in array; and the young count Kiburg, the only son of his house, was at the head of his father's troops. In a battle which ensued, he was separated from his followers. The father and lover of Idda came upon him as he attempted to climb a steep rock, and bade him surrender; but the young count bravely drew his sword, resolved to defend himself to the last extremity, and, after a long conflict with his two antagonists, fell beneath their repeated blows.

"Think, Julia, what must have been the grief, the despair, the fury of the father of the youth, when he learned that his only son, the hope of his old-age, the heir of his name, the pride of Kiburg, had fallen by the hands of his bitterest enemies. The aged warrior shed no tears, but franticly leaped up, called for his arms, and swore the most terrible oath, that he would never lay aside his sword till he had washed his hands in the blood of his enemies! and all related to or in alliance with them. His rage seemed to alleviate his grief, and the hope of vengeance to soothe in some degree the painful sense of his loss. He could find no time to shed tears, while those who had deprived his son of life yet lived and enjoyed the light of day. His grief was changed into a determined resolution to take vengeance, which alone occupied all his thoughts.—It seemed as if the youthful strength of his son had been suddenly superadded to the judgment and experience of his old-age.

"The baron of Kirchberg and his affianced son-in-law heard of the formidable preparations which the aged knight was making against them, and laughed in the pride of self-confidence. Idda alone, the gentle Idda, was alarmed at the vindictive rage of the unhappy father of Kiburg. She was incessantly bathed in tears, for terrifying dreams and fearful forebodings haunted her both sleeping and waking.

"When the day arrived on which her father and the count were to leave her, and take the field against their enraged and implacable enemy, Idda, dissolved in tears, with difficulty suffered her Henry to tear himself from her arms, and after his departure the count still heard her loud lamentations, the voice of love, and his noblest triumph.

"They left the inconsolable Idda within the strong bulwarks of the castle, and marched to meet the troops of their enemy. Their attack was vigorous, but still more furious the opposition they encountered. The aged Kiburg showed himself every where like an avenging angel, and his sword cut through the thickest ranks. "Kirchberg!" exclaimed he—"Tokenburg! where are ye, ye murderers of my son?"—At length he fell in with the young count Tokenburg. "Now," said he, "either you or I must fall!" and furiously brandished his glittering sword. Tokenburg, who had never known fear, now trembled, impressed with the imagination that he saw the bleeding shade of the son hovering round and protecting the aged father. Cautiously and feebly fought the young count, while the thirst of revenge nerved the arm of the old warrior with new vigour. His sword alighted on the helm of Tokenburg, who staggered, stunned

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but not wounded. "Vengeance! My son!" exclaimed the aged knight. He discharged another blow, and Tokenburg fell powerless from his horse. "Take him!" exclaimed Kiburg to his followers. "Your heads shall answer for him. Away! Carry him to Kirchberg. Now gracious Heaven give into my hands the other murderer!"—He said, and sprang forwards to seek the father of Idda.

"After the fall of Tokenburg his troops fled. Kirchberg had already been wounded in the beginning of the battle, and obliged to retire from the field. His flying squadrons hastened to him with intelligence that count Henry was taken prisoner. "Taken prisoner!" exclaimed he, and, seizing his helmet, mounted his horse to return to the field; but the pursuing foe drove all before them, and he was obliged to retire for safety to the heights.

"He was now no longer able to keep the open country, and returned with his troops to Kirchberg; but before he arrived there, he strictly forbade all his followers to mention that count Henry was made prisoner. When he approached the castle, Idda came forth to meet him; but when she saw that he was alone, and that her beloved Henry was not with him, she turned, and fainting sank in her father's arms. A false assurance that the count was well, dissipated, in some degree, her alarm; but she still lamented that he should continue so long absent. Some days after, while she was with her father, again inquiring and again receiving assurance that her lover was neither killed nor wounded, the door of the hall opened, and a messenger in the livery of Kiburg entered.

"Count Kiburg," exclaimed he, "has directed me to inform you, knight Kirchberg, that seven days hence he will hold a criminal court on count Henry of Tokenburg.— On the grave of his murdered son shall count Tokenburg lose his life by the hand of the executioner, to avenge the blood of the young count of Kiburg."

"Baron Kirchberg answered not a word, but clasped his daughter, who, with a piercing shriek, sank in his arms. After waiting a long time, the messenger at length asked, "What answer shall I carry back to count Kiburg?" The haughty spirit of the baron now yielded to his feelings:—he burst into tears, and said, "Describe to count Kiburg the scene you have witnessed; and entreat him, in my name, to have commiseration on an unhappy father!"

"The messenger departed, with eyes filled with tears of compassion."

"O, Clara! The unhappy Idda! What said she? What did she?"

"What could she do but weep and lament? She seemed continually to have before her eyes the dreadful grave, her beloved Henry kneeling near it, and the executioner drawing his sword. Vain were all attempts to comfort her; she passed from one fainting fit to another; and, as often as she recovered from them, would exclaim, "Seven days hence!" Her wretched father shut himself up in his most secret apartment, and would speak to no person. He considered his Idda as devoted to death, and resolved at least to have the sad consolation not to see her die. Thus for two days were their hearts a prey to unutterable anguish. On the third, the monk of the castle said to Idda, "Of what avail is lamentation, my daughter? Let us act. We cannot deliver him; let us pray for him!" The words *let us act* sank into the mind of Idda: she looked wildly on the monk, and said, "Yes, we

we must act!" She retired to her chamber, sat down in deep thought, then hastily rose, and walked forwards and backwards in violent agitation. "Let us act! Yes; let us act!" exclaimed she repeatedly. The next day she sat absorbed in silent thought, while her eyes wildly rolled. Sometimes she laughed, and sometimes she wrung her hands. About noon she rose, threw over her a large veil, wrapped herself in a wide cloak, and left the castle with hasty steps.

"It was supposed that she was gone to walk in the garden, as was frequently her custom:—but she went firmly determined to die with her Henry, or deliver him, and took the road towards Kiburg. Late in the evening she arrived in the vicinity of the castle, and, inquiring of a peasant, was told the sad story of the approaching death of the young count Tokenburg, who was then confined in the vaulted dungeon under the strong tower. She heard the account without betraying any emotion, and asked the peasant to show her the tower. He accompanied her along a rocky path that led to a place whence it was to be seen, and afterwards she continued her journey alone. The guards, who sat by a fire among some ruins in front of the tower, arose to show respect as she approached, for there was something in her air majestic and celestial.

"She threw back the veil which covered her countenance, and the rough soldiers surveyed her beauty with astonishment. "Ye are men," said she, in a voice indescribably tender and persuasive. "I am most unfortunate; but, thank Heaven, ye are men! My wretchedness is so vast, so dreadful, that I envy your prisoner the death that awaits him." The guards looked on her amazed and confounded, as if they had seen a ghost. "What do you ask of us, noble lady?" at length said one of them.

"Your prisoner," said she, in a tone that made its way to the heart, "is count Henry of Tokenburg, a noble and innocent man. I do not ask you to permit his escape; that must you not, that can you not: it were contrary to your oath. But grant me what you may, and what you can, and God shall reward you at the day of general judgment."

"What do you require [illegible]?" exclaimed they all. "If it is in our power, we will mo[st] willingly serve you."

"First learn wh[o] I am.—I am Idda of Tokenbur[g], the affianced bride of the cou[nt] your prisoner."—The guards surveyed her with astonishment, and the tears of pity bedewed their eyes. "It is the beauteous, the good, the benevolent Idda!" whispered some among them. "May Heaven have compassion on her misfortunes!" said others. "If you have pity on me," answered she, "Heaven has.—Yes; I am the unfortunate Idda; the bride of the man who four days hence will stand before the judgment-seat of Heaven, and fearfully complain of you as his murderers, if you refuse him this last act of compassion, and thus heighten the suffering of death into unutterable anguish."

"We, noble lady, are not his enemies: you should have heard the conversation that we had with him almost immediately before you came. We all pity him."

"Then will you not refuse me my request. Know, then, that in one of those happy hours when Henry was with me, as he pressed my hand and I his—for, ah! you conceive not how I love him and how he loves me—we talked of the uncertainty of human life and all

human

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, Feby. 1801.

H. Mutlow sc.

PARIS DRESS.

human happiness. 'Idda,' said the count to me, 'we will love each other till death, come when it may.' You see, my friends, that he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching fate.—We agreed that when one of us should be near to death the other should come to see him or her once more, though the journey were to be made to the extremity of the earth. This we promised to each other, and solemnly bound ourselves to perform by the m[illegible] religious obligations. I know that he must die; but he cannot die in peace unless I once more see him; nor can I die in peace unless I fulfill my sacred promise.—Suffer me to be with him during a single hour. This you can, this you may do. Refuse not this request of the unfortunate Idda: your refusal would break both his heart and mine, and we should become your accusers on the day when men shall answer for unnecessary cruelty."

"You easily perceive, Julia, that the guards, already inclined as they were to pity, could not refuse this earnest entreaty. At first, indeed, they made some objections, but the eloquence of Idda soon removed them all. They opened the door of a tower, and lighted a lamp.—One of them now conducted the unhappy Idda down a steep staircase, at the bottom of which he opened again an iron-door, whence she proceeded through some long subterranean vaults till at length she came to the narrow and low entrance of a dungeon. "The comfort of Heaven go with you!" exclaimed the keeper, as he unlocked the door, and let Idda enter.

(To be continued.)

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

To praise a bad action is to commit it. He who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

With time and patience, the leaves of the mulberry-tree become satin.

There is no man free, but he who is governed by reason.

Such is the injustice of men, that they punish as a crime even the attempt to please them when it does not succeed.

To weep with those we love, is the resource of the oppressed.

Pleasures are like perfumes, injurious when used to excess.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

A Very rich veil, white ostrich feathers, and the hair dressed *à la Grecque*, or *à la Hollandoise*, compose now the prevailing head-dresses for full dress. On common occasions the usual dress is a black velvet hat, without feathers, and with a large oval steel buckle in front: frequently it has a velvet band instead of ribands. We see likewise black hats spotted with green. *Capotes* of rose and white satin are much in vogue, ornamented with steel pearls and an *esprit*. Within these few days plumets of white herons' feathers, with two very small ostriches' feathers at the bottom, have been worn. These plumets are only half the height of the *esprits*. Many ladies wear over their dressed hair a diadem of foliage or diamonds.

The *ball dresses* have *applications* of satin, and flowers in feathers.—The flowers and lace of the rose-coloured dress represented in the engraving are of satin *appliqued*.

The ribands in vogue are clouded or spotted, and have the ends cut in lozenges. The red poppy is the prevailing colour for ribands.

White shoes are worn, with a small branch or some kind of figure embroidered in silver.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE TO WINTER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.
Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

WHEN first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heav'nly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four (the Seasons) flew:
First, in green apparel dancing,
Smil'd the Spring with angel face;
Rosy Summer next advancing
Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles—
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
Or India's citron-cover'd isles,
More remote and buxom brown
The queen of vintage bow'd before his throne:
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren Darkness by his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Oden
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when down the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form;
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to the northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield!

O, sire of Storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Phrensy, with her blood-shot eye,
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel power of desolation,
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my pray'r,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To shivering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And mildly on the orphan head
Of Innocence descend!

But chiefly spare, O king of Clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds—
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep;
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Breathe on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow freezes,
Where the dark-brown Danube roars!
O, winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start ye, dæmons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! e'en your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low:
But man will ask no truce to Death—
No bound to human woe!

SONGS *in the new* COMIC OPERA *of* "THE VETERAN TAR."

SONG.—*Cicely.*

WHEN storms are sunk to rest,
And thunders roll no more,
The sailor's heart how blest,
Who seeks his native shore!
That shore, where many a fair
His cheering spirit warms:
All crowd his smiles to share—
Snug moorings follow storms.

Then rage, ye faithless winds,
Ye foaming billows, roar;
The tar a welcome finds
Upon his native shore.
Though tempest-tost at sea,
Ashore affection warms;
All sailors' creeds agree—
Snug moorings follow storms.

SONG.—

SONG.—*Lisetta.*

THE sailor who ploughs the salt wave,
Far absent from love and from home,
Though he fears not a watery grave,
Yet he sighs from his charmer to roam.
Though the tempest howl loud o'er the main, [roar,
Yet he fears not the wind's dreadful
For those winds will soon waft him again
To the arms of his Nancy ashore.

PLEASURE AND HOPE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF M. SEGUR.]

WOULDST thou the fondest bliss receive [gain?—
From fav'ring Love that man can
'Tis in the female bosom's heave,
That softly says—"I love again!"
From lips that no deceit employ
Steals in a sigh (the sweet confession!),
And, in the hope of promis'd joy,
Gives more than pleasure in possession!

How virtuous Shame, Love's empire owning,
Then gently sheds the modest tear,
That, far from virgin honour drowning,
Bids it an added lustre wear!
How sweet the silent calm that reigns,
When thus obtain'd th' avowal sought!—
No vent'rous word that bliss explains,
The hope of which allumes the thought!

Love, when the soft confession's caught,
Too soon the voice of Prudence hates:
That, whelm'd beneath the madd'ning draught
In phrensied bliss evaporates!
Ye fair who own Love's potent sway,
With cautious fear your bosoms ope;
On Pleasure's wing he hastes away,
If Pleasure follows close on Hope!

Son to the powerful god of arms,
His force must from resistance grow:
Plunge him in Pleasure's downy charms,
His drooping torch will cease to glow:
Beneath Enjoyment's flow'ry bed
Oft lies the grave of fond desires;
Oft, when on Pleasure's bosom spread,
We feel regret that Hope expires!

THE NAME UNKNOWN.

Imitated from KLOPSTOCK'S *Ode to his Future Love.*

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Esq. Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."*

PROPHETIC Pencil, wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face:
Or, wilt thou write the *Name Unknown*
Ordain'd to rule my charmed soul,
And all my future fate controul
Unrivall'd and alone?

Delicious idol of my thought,
Tho' sylph or spirit never taught
My boding heart thy precious name;
Yet, musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame!

Thy rosy blush and meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody
Are ever present to my heart;
Thy murmur'd vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never—never part!

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till love the viewless treasure bring;
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence seal'd.
A guardian angel unreveal'd—
And bless the *Name Unknown!*

TO A LADY

WHO ASKED WHERE THE HEART IS.

'TIS surely at my fingers' end,
Whene'er I touch that velvet skin;
And when my lips to thine I bend,
It flies, and quickly throbs between.

'Tis in my gestures, when a sigh
Or happy transport they explain;
And when with love of thee I die,
Distinct it beats thro' ev'ry vein.

The heart, most strange, it would appear,
Fix'd, and yet ev'ry where to find;
'Tis in the heels of those who fear—
To gold a miser's is confin'd.

The glutton's in dull sense lies dead;
The drunkard's lives but in his wine;
The suitor's oft is in his head,
And well conceals the deep design.

F.

LINES

RESENTED TO MISS W****, AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY OF LANCASTER.

CAN I seize a better time
To hitch my Ellen into rhyme,
When ev'ry village songster woos,
Assisted by some willing Muse?
Muses, avaunt! I'd have you know it,
My Ellen can inspire a poet.
You have magic in your tongue,
That adds to dignity, to song:
You have grandeur in your eye,
That raises pow'rful fancy high:
You have archness in your mien,
That makes the poet's numbers keen.
Sweetness beams in every feature
Of you, sweet favourite of Nature:
That sweetness melts to love the mind;
Then is not Ellen wondrous kind?
O! might I live to see you blest,
And by a husband fond carest!
Endear'd to all the country round!
Your home a perfect fairy ground;
Where Peace and Love and Concord dwell in;
Or, in a word, where lives fair Ellen!
O! might I live to see you mine,
Who now remain Your *Valentine*.

LANCASTRIENSIS.

St. Valentine's-day, *Feb.* 14, 1801.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF ANACREON.

BY the women I am told,
"O, Anacreon, thou art old!
Take a glass, thy head survey:
Are not all thy ringlets grey?
Is not all thy forehead bare,
Wrinkled, and depriv'd of hair?"

What care I if this be true?
If my locks be grey and few,
More we should indulge in play;
Spend in sports the fleeting day.
Nearer we approach to death,
More we should enjoy our breath!

FATHERLESS FANNY.

A Ballad.

By Mrs. OPIE.

KEEN and cold is the blast loudly whistling around, [upon me;
As cold as the lips that once smil'd
And unyielding, alas! as this hard-frozen ground, [to be.
The arms once so ready my shelter

Both my parents are dead, and few friends I can boast, [if any;
But few to console and to love me,
And my gains are so small, a bare pittance almost [Fanny.
Repays the exertions of fatherless

Once, indeed, I with pleasure and patience could toil,
But 'twas when my parents sat by and approv'd!
Then my laces to sell I went out with a smile,
Because my fatigue fed the parents I lov'd.

And at night, when I brought them my hardly-earn'd gains,
Though small they might be, still my comforts were many;
For my mother's fond blessing rewarded my pains,
My father stood watching to welcome his Fanny.

But, ah! now that I work by their presence uncheer'd,
I feel 'tis a hardship, indeed, to be poor;
While I shrink from fatigue, now no longer endear'd,
And sigh as I knock at the wealthy man's door.

Then, alas! when at night I return to my home,
No longer I boast that my comforts are many;
To a silent, deserted, dark dwelling I come,
Where no one exclaims, "Thou art welcome, my Fanny!"

That, that is the pang! Want and toil would impart
No pang to my breast, if kind friends I could see;
For the wealth I require is that of the heart,
The smiles of affection are riches to me.

Then, in pity, ye rich, when to you I apply
To purchase my goods, though you do not buy any,
With the accents of kindness O deign to deny,
You'll comfort the heart of poor fatherless Fanny.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburgh, December 18.

THE convention between the neutral powers was signed the day before yesterday, the 16th inst. by the ministers of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. The next day, the 17th, it was signed by the minister of Prussia, as an acceding party.

Inspruck, January 7. The Austrian head-quarters are now breaking up from this city. We have just received some very disagreeable accounts.—General Brune, in conjunction with general Macdonald, has penetrated to Verona, and heavily cannonaded that city for some hours. The French have also advanced beyond Alto, the first post-town of the Tyrol, and are already at Roveredo.

Vienna, Jan. 10. The appointment of field-marshal the archduke Charles, to be Imperial and royal field-marshal, and president of the Aulic council, has occasioned the greatest joy in the chanceries and departments, as well as to the public in general. The whole military force is now entrusted, without limitation or controul, to this beloved and honoured hero.

The extraordinary fortifications of Vienna and the suburbs, which had been begun, are now intermitted; and the volunteers raised by the general levy have returned home. The establishing of magazines, and the sending of transports of artillery to Hungary, still continue.

The conclusion of an armistice in Italy is still delayed, and as late as the 4th it was not regulated and announced to the army.

In Bulgaria a bloody battle was fought on the 29th of December, between Paswan Oglou and the pacha of Romelia, in which the latter was defeated.

Hamburgh, Jan. 16. The following article appears in our gazette, the *Correspondenten.* It is said to be taken from the Petersburgh *Court-gazette* of December 30.

" It is said that his majesty the emperor, seeing that the powers of Europe cannot agree, and wishing to terminate a war which has raged eleven years, intends to propose a place, where he will invite all other potentates, to fight with them in barriers closed up; for which purpose they are to bring with them their most enlightened ministers and most skilful generals, as 'squires, umpires, and heralds; such as Thugut, Pitt, and Bernstorff; that he himself intends to have count Vonder Pahlen and Kutusow on his side. It is not known whether this rumour is to be depended upon; meanwhile it does not seem to be altogether without foundation, as it bears the mark of what has often been imputed to him."

Berlin, Jan. 17. The terms in which lord Grenville replied to count Rotopschin, the Russian *chargé d'affaires,* in answer to his representations respecting the capture of Malta, are stated to be in substance as follow:

" That all explanations asked by Russia were useless, as the court of London was under the necessity of insisting on the embargo and the sequestration imposed by the emperor Paul being taken off, and upon indemnity for what had passed; that the convention relative to Malta, the execution of which was demanded by the court of Petersburgh, was merely a plan submitted by that court to the British administration, in answer to which they had sent back their plan; but before the cabinet of London had sent their answer, the court of Peters-

burgh had dismissed their ambassador lord Whitworth: that the negotiations of the court of Petersburgh to organise an armed neutrality by sea had made the greater impression on the court of London, because Russia had proposed to Great-Britain to prevent, in conjunction with her, the contraband trade which was carried on with France under Danish and Swedish colours: that if a good understanding were to take place between the two courts, the first measure to be taken would be the re-establishment of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, and the mutual interchange of new ambassadors, to be brought about by the mediation of a neutral court friendly to both powers."

Paris, Jan. 22. A Russian officer arrived here on the 20th at seven in the morning. He immediately proceeded to the minister for foreign affairs, who conducted him to Malmaison, and presented him to the first consul, to whom he delivered a letter from his majesty the emperor of Russia. This officer left St. Petersburgh seventeen days ago.

The minister of marine sent off yesterday couriers, at four in the morning, to all the ports of the republic, to make known to the neutral ships which are there the order given by the king of England on the 14th of January.—Couriers were also sent off for the same purpose to Spain and Italy.

The first consul has appointed Chaptal minister of the interior.—He had previously held the office *ad interim.*

25. An armistice was concluded at Treviso, on the 26th Nivose (Jan. 16), between general Brune and general Bellegarde. The Austrians have evacuated all the country on this side the Tagliamento. General Oudinot, chief of the general staff, has set out from Treviso, in order to bring to Paris the conditions of the armistice.

27. We learn, that, by the armistice concluded in Italy, Mantua remains blockaded by the French troops. The other places in Italy are surrendered to France. The Tagliamento forms the line of demarcation between the two armies.

31. It is said, that the minister of the interior has ordered citizen Moreau, architect, to erect the model of the national column on the Place de Concorde. It is in this manner Perrault has erected at the barrier, formerly called the Trone, the model of a triumphal arch, which was to have been raised there. The latter model was formed in plaister, that of citizen Moreau will be made of painted cloth.

Vienna, Jan. 31. The English ambassador, lord Minto, at a late audience, made a declaration in the name of his sovereign, by which Austria is set at liberty from every engagement to prosecute the war entered into by the last treaty with England.

Count Colloredo has sent a circular note to all the foreign ministers here, dated January 28, directing them, by his majesty's command, to apply in future, with respect to any conferences or negotiations relative to foreign affairs, to count Trautmannsdorff.

Yesterday the archduke John appeared, for the first time, in the circle with the queen of Naples. There is talk of the marriage of a Neapolitan princess with a German prince. The interests of Naples will not be forgotten at Luneville.

The Russian armies still continue collecting in Poland; the communication between the Russian frontiers and Gallicia is now shut up.

Berne, Jan. 31. The insurrection in Piedmont contributed to induce general Brune to conclude an armistice, by which Venice, and the important fortress of Mantua, were at first to remain with Austria. A courier, however, afterwards brought orders to Brune to insist on the evacuation of Mantua (which it was well known was determined on the 26th of January at Luneville). A column of the Italian army is marching with all speed to Piedmont.

In certain circumstances, general Bernadotte will command an expedition against Ireland, and general Augereau the army destined to act against Portugal.

Königsberg, Feb. 2. Our gazette contains the following articles:

"It is confidently reported, that Louis XVIII. has sent a courier to Berlin, to inquire whether he may be permitted

permitted to reside in the Prussian territories, and end his days in peace as a private person.

"The Russian general Sprengporten is on his return with 4896 Russian prisoners. The Russian minister, M. Kalitcheff, lately vice-chancellor, journeys with two adjutant-generals, several cavaliers and secretaries of legation, through Königsberg to Berlin, and thence to Frankfort on the Maine, whence he will go, accompanied with several ministers from foreign courts, to Luneville and Paris, to take part in the congress for peace. M. Kalitchiff has already passed through Königsberg."

Hamburgh, Feb. 4. It is confidently said, that the Prussian government, on the 30th of January, transmitted to lord Carysfort, the English ambassador at Berlin, a note relative to the embargo laid on Danish and Swedish ships in the English ports, expressed in a very strong and positive manner against that measure. The ambassador had a short time before given in a note, announcing the embargo.

In the train of M. Kalitcheff, appointed ambassador from Russia to Paris, are three Russian counsellors of state; among whom are M. Novicoff and D'Oubril, the elder with two adjutants of his Imperial majesty. The passports for M. Kalitcheff are already made out by the French envoy at Berlin, general Bournonville, and, according to some accounts, the former has already set out on his journey to Paris.

Bournonville, who had received a special notification of this embassy from the Russian ambassador at Berlin, baron Krudener, has sent off a courier to Paris.

The following are stated to be the most important articles of the Northern convention:

I. The subsisting treaties relative to contraband goods between the contracting powers and other governments shall be maintained; but for the future it shall be established, as the basis of every treaty, that neutral flags make neutral cargoes.

II. The guarantee of a commander of a ship of war shall, for the future, protect the merchant vessels, sailing under convoy, from all search by the ships of war of the belligerent powers.

III. The strictest measures shall be adopted, and tribunals established, to prevent any prohibited and contraband commerce from being carried on under the protection of this armed neutrality.

Paris, Feb. 13. Yesterday evening the news of the conclusion of peace spread through every circle, and was announced at every ball. It is impossible to describe the impression it has made upon the public mind. Every class and description of citizens manifest the same joy and exultation. As soon as this joyful intelligence reached the Hotel Longueville, where there was a masqued ball, the company came out and danced in the square Carousel, and with the effusions of patriotic enthusiasm they learned to blend the frolics of folly.

This morning, at six o'clock, repeated discharges of artillery announced the happy intelligence of the conclusion of peace with the emperor and the Germanic empire.

About eleven o'clock the ministers and the counsellors of state proceeded to the Thuilleries, together with a great number of the members of the legislative body, and several of the public functionaries, both civil and military.

After the audience which they had from the first consul, Bonaparte went to the Council of State, where he acquainted the members with the conditions of the treaty.

At ten in the evening, the band of the consular guard assembled in the garden of the Thuilleries, where they continued under the windows of the first consul. The concert was concluded by a discharge from fifty pieces of cannon. The *fête* which government is to display on this happy occasion will not take place till the treaty is ratified.

The treaty was signed at Luneville on the 9th of February, by count Cobenzel and Joseph Bonaparte. By it the Netherlands and the boundary of the Rhine is confirmed to France, the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics are to be re-established, and the emperor cedes all his Italian possessions beyond the Adige. The grand-duke of Tuscany is dispossessed of his dominions, which are to be given to the infant duke of Parma.

HOME NEWS.

Whitehaven, Jan. 20.

LAST Friday evening an order was received at the Custom-house here, to stop all vessels belonging to Sweden; and the next morning a Swedish snow arrived here, the only vessel belonging to that kingdom which has entered this port for many months past. She was seized of course. Her name is Gustavus Vasa; bound from St. Ube's to Liverpool. She had mistaken her course, and would probably have been stranded to the northward, had she not fallen in with a vessel coming round from Harrington, which conducted her safe into this port.

Dublin, Jan. 21. Tuesday, in consequence of an order of government, a number of vessels bearing the flags of Denmark and Sweden were seized and embargoed in this port; the number thus detained would have been more considerable, but that twelve of the above description sailed on Sunday night, having, it is thought, received some intimation that hostile intentions were meditating by our court against the shipping of the Northern confederacy.

Last night another of the embargoed ships made her escape from between the walls; as she passed the watch-house, being hailed from shore, it was answered from on board, that she was the Hibernia, captain Lewis, bound to Liverpool; the vessel being like the Dane, bark-rigged, much facilitated the deception.

London, Jan. 25. Letters were yesterday received from Philadelphia, dated the 16th of December, which mention—"that it is now determined that Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Burr are to be president and vice-president of the United States."

The particulars of the election are not yet arrived; but it appears that these gentlemen owe their success entirely to accident. It was previously ascertained from the votes of the several provinces which were already known, that those of Carolina would decide the election. The northern part of Carolina was in favour of Jefferson; the south part unanimous for Mr. Adams. It so happened, that from the frost not having set in, the electors of south Carolina were fearful of catching the fever common to that country, if they left their homes to travel 140 miles to the presidency, to give their votes, during the open and damp season; the consequence of this was, that 12 votes were lost to Mr. Adams which had been reckoned upon as certain, and the want of them has lost him and Mr. Pinckney their election.

Jan. 26. The earl of Shaftesbury, with his usual benevolence, has lately given seven oxen to the poor in the neighbourhood of his mansion at St. Giles's, besides distributing soup to 1200 persons, and supplying the most necessitous with all kinds of clothes; and on Christmas-day all the children belonging to the school of industry at Woodlands (to the number of 80), who are clothed, fed, and educated, at his lordship's expence, dined together at St. Giles's house, and were attended by the earl and countess, and received new clothes upon the occasion.

Jan. 28. A person was taken to Bow-street on Friday last, for behaving in a manner that indicated derangement of mind. Among other things he had said that "Mr. Pitt alone could save the country." It being evident *from this* and other proofs that the fellow was mad, orders were given to take care of him.

Dublin, Jan. 30. On Friday night last,

last, at Puckstown, near Santry, in the county of Dublin, the house of an industrious farmer, of the name of Atkinson, was broke open by a gang of robbers, who plundered it of every thing they could lay hands on,—cash, hung-beef, meal, &c. While they were in the house, it was observed that the farmer's dogs, which were uncommonly sharp, never barked, but, on the contrary, followed them familiarly through the house in the dark, the villains ordering to have no candle-light. On application to justice Godfrey, and relating the above circumstance, he caused search to be made in the cabins of the labourers employed by Mr. Atkinson, and in one of them was found the beef, which was positively sworn to, as it had been dried and cured in the country, and was cut in a different manner to what was sold in Dublin, and was hung up by the very man with whom it was found: he has been committed, to abide his trial at the next commission, on strong suspicion of being a party in the burglary and robbery above stated. He had been in the employment of Mr. Atkinson three years.

On sunday last two murders of an horrid nature were discovered to have been committed in the town of Killaloe; the victims were Mrs. Francis and Alicia Hawkins, sisters, and maiden ladies of very advanced age. They had not been seen in that town from the Wednesday preceding: an acquaintance, going to church on Sunday, accidentally called at their house, and found them both murdered in their beds. No cause whatever can be assigned for depriving those unfortunate women of life, as they were rather in distressed circumstances, and of the most inoffensive character.

London, Jan. 30. Mr. Ross, the messenger, sailed from Yarmouth some weeks since for Petersburgh, in a king's cutter, which was to serve as a flag of truce. His dispatches had for object to ascertain whether the emperor Paul would recede, and restore our ships; and we have been given to understand that offers of a nature which were likely to be very conciliatory to his feelings were made to him. The success of Mr. Ross's mission is not known; but we learn that his Imperial majesty has refused to give any satisfactory explanations, which were demanded of him through the medium of lord Carysfort, to the Russian minister at Berlin.

Lewes, Feb. 2. For the more œconomical consumption of bread in our house of correction, the prisoners have, by an order of the last sessions, been abridged of half their allowance, or one pound per day; but as a substitute, on the recommendation of H. Shelly, esq. each prisoner is allowed a quart of good soup a day, which proves more satisfactory, and produces a saving of nearly 150*l.* per annum to the county.

A short time since, two brigs, the Edward, Cripps, master, belonging to Brighton, and the Perseverance, Dove, master, belonging to Sunderland, both laden with coals, and in company, were captured by a French lugger privateer, fitted out at Boulogne, off Beachy-head, and carried into Dieppe, where their crews on being landed were imprisoned, but in a day or two afterwards released. The masters and mates remain at Dieppe, with liberty to go any where about the town; but the men have been sent to Valenciennes. Cripps has been very unfortunate, having shared a similar fate with capt. Higham, of this town, about fifteen months ago.

Last Saturday about forty poor men, and men of tillage, came in a body, but peaceably, from the parish of Barcomb, to a sitting of magistrates in this town, with a sort of petition, stating their grievances, and praying an order for their necessary allowance of flour from the parish, at one shilling per gallon. The magistrates paid them proper attention, and recommended, instead of flour, that meat and other substitutes should be provided for them at reduced prices, which, with an order on the parish for the payment of one shilling to each man for his loss of time and attendance, encouraged them to return cheerfully and well satisfied to their respective homes.

Bristol, Feb. 2. On Tuesday last a singular

singular occurrence happened at Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire. —A woman, named Hannah Palmer, observing in the Bristol Mercury of the 5th ult. in a letter signed C. an account of a young lady who had been seduced from her friends, and died suddenly in London, became very unhappy in her mind, and wrote to a person of this city, entreating that he or Mr. C. would come to her, as she had something important to disclose.—They accordingly complied with her request, and she informed them that she was in the deepest distress and horror of mind; that her father had died on the 21th of Dec. last; and that on the 24th following, she dragged the body down the stairs, placed it on a wheel-barrow, and conveyed it in the night to the garden behind the house, where she dug a grave and buried it with her own hands. Information of the transaction was immediately given to the proper officers of the town, who sent to Mr. Joyner, of Berkeley, the coroner. The body was taken up and examined by two eminent surgeons, who deposed that it was their opinion the deceased died a natural death.

After a cool, patient, and impartial investigation, which occupied upwards of ten hours, the jury returned a verdict—that the deceased died by the visitation of God: but a detestation of the extreme brutality of this unnatural and unfeeling daughter still remained strongly impressed on their minds.

Plymouth, Feb. 10 Arrived the ship Hamilton, of London, John Hyndman, master, from London bound to New Providence. She sailed with the outward-bound from Falmouth, under convoy of the Fly sloop of war; and on the 1st instant, off Cape Finisterre, fell in with a French squadron of men of war (supposed to be the same seen by the Concorde frigate on the 26th ult.), on which a signal was made by the Fly for the fleet to disperse, which they immediately did; and night coming on, the Hamilton stood away for England. On the following morning only one of the fleet was to be seen; nor did she discover any part of the French squadron afterwards. On the 3d inst. the Hamilton encountered a very heavy gale of wind, which did her considerable damage. The ship was in the greatest distress on her arrival here, the pumps being choaked, and her sails and rigging greatly disabled.

Dublin, Feb. 10. Yesterday Mr. Tandy was brought up to the bar, and Mr. Attorney-general informed the court, that it was his intention that the prisoner should be tried in the county of Donegall, at the next assizes, where the overt-acts of treason are alleged to have been committed; and that though he might have obtained a rule of the court to send the prisoner and his indictment to Donegall, without bringing him into court, yet as the prisoner had chosen counsel, under an idea that his trial would take place in Dublin, he might now wish to have other counsel assigned for his defence; therefore it was, that he (attorney-general) had thought it right to have the prisoner brought up this day.

Mr. Tandy being asked by the court, if he had any objection to make to the motion, or if he desired to change the counsel already assigned for his defence? he said he had not received notice of this motion until Saturday evening; that he had not had an opportunity of consulting his counsel, and now wished for their assistance—upon which Mr. Curran was called, and, after consulting with Mr. Tandy, said he saw no objection to the motion; and as to the necessity of changing his counsel, he saw no occasion for it, as he was certain, from the manner in which the prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general, that no objection would be made to counsel appearing at the trial, although not specially assigned.

Mr. Attorney-general replied, that he would consent to the prisoner's having such persons for his counsel as he desired.

The court accordingly granted the attorney-general's motion, and the prisoner will of course be tried at Lifford assizes.

BIRTHS.

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Jan. 22. In New-street, Spring-garden, the lady of Wm. Manning, esq. member for Lymington, of a daughter.

In Old Palace-yard, the lady of W. Wilberforce, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

Mrs. Anstruther, of a daughter.

27. The lady of general Avarne, commander of the marine forces at Portsmouth, of a daughter.

28. The lady of Dr. Pemberton, of George-street, Hanover-square, of a son.

29. Lady Ann Hope, of a son.

Feb. 3. At Stutford Green, Essex, the wife of John Minet Henniker, esq. of a son.

The lady of the rev. J. H. Standen, of Murston-house, Sittingbourne, Kent, of a son.

The lady of Richard Williams, esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a son.

4. At his house in Bloomsbury-place, the lady of John Woodstock, esq. of a son.

9. The lady of the hon. John Talbot, of a son.

12. The lady of Peter Pole, esq. of a son, at his house, Bedford-square.

In Queen Ann-street, West, the hon. Mrs. Poyntz, lady of William Stephen Poyntz, esq. M. P. of a son.

In Argyle-street, the lady of James Morris, esq. of Easthill, Wandsworth, of a daughter.

16. At Peckham-rye, the lady of Henry Bell, esq. of a son.

The wife of Michael Furlonge, esq. of Upper Guilford-street, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 17. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, captain Henry Bazeley, of his majesty's royal navy, to miss Ruddle, of Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

20. At St. James's church, Mr. King, master of the royal foundry, Woolwich, to miss Burge, of Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire.

22. At Bath, Thomas Wilcock, esq. merchant in London, to miss Eliza Tomkinson, daughter of David Tomkinson, esq. of Bristol.

At Kempsey, Worcestershire, George Robert Stoney, esq. captain in the 22d regiment of foot, to miss Ellis, only daughter of major-general Ellis of Kempsey.

Mr. Smyth, of Holborn, to miss Wright, of Hornsey.

At St. James's church, Mr. Humby, of St. Alban's-street, to Mrs. Inwood, of Hounslow.

Thomas Wright, esq. of Nicholas-lane, to miss Preston, of Miles's-lane.

24. Mr. George Bell, of Crutched Friars, wine merchant, to miss Coward, of Brixton-causeway.

The rev. Thomas Carlyon, fellow of Pembroke-college, Cambridge, to miss Stackhouse, daughter of William Stackhouse, esq. of Trehane, Cornwall.

Mr. Spilsbury, of Soho-square, to msis E. Gybbon of Winchelsea, Sussex.

Feb. 3. At Canterbury, James Hammond, esq. to miss Gibbs, of St. George's-place, Canterbury.

At Walcot church, Bath, lieutenant-colonel Jones, of the 18th light dragoons, to miss Stanley, only daughter of colonel Stanley, of Portland-place, Bath.

5. At Stoke Church, E. Green, esq. of Wrington, Bath, to miss Bryett, daughter of the rev. James Bryett.

7. At St. James's Church, Mr. W. Ruspini, of Pall-Mall, to miss Lucy Jennings, daughter of Ross Jennings, esq. of Gharetty, in Bengal.

8. Mr. Incledon, of Covent-garden Theatre, to miss Howell, daughter of Mr. Howell, of Bath.

10. Mr. James Compigne, of Hampstead, to miss Dickson, of the same place, sister of Edward Sterling Dickson, esq. a captain in the royal navy.

At St. Pancras, by the rev. Thomas Mills, of Hillingdon, Thomas Mills, esq. of Ely-place, to miss Parks, daughter of Richard Parks, esq. of Lamb's-conduit-place.

11. At Layton, Essex, Thomas Green, esq. of Upper Thames-street, to miss Brickwood, daughter of Lawrence Brickwood, esq. of Lime-street.

14. At the collegiate church in Wolverhampton, by the rev. George Molineux, rector of Ryton in Shropshire,

shire, Mr. Drummond, attorney at law, of Croydon, in Surry, to miss Chrees, daughter of Mr. Chrees, attorney at law, of Wolverhampton.

16. By special licence, at Whatley, in Somersetshire, by the hon. and rev. Charles Strangeways, sir John Cox Hippisley, bart. of Warfield Grove, late high sheriff of Berks, to Mrs. Hippisley Coxe, of Stone Easton-house, relict of H. Hippisley Coxe, esq. M.P. for the county of Somerset, and only daughter of Thomas Horner, esq. of Mall's Park.

DEATHS.

Jan. 17. At his house at Great Ealing, Robert Orme, esq. the celebrated Indian historian, in the 73d year of his age.

Master Roberts, son of sir T. Roberts, of Glassonbury.

In the 79th year of his age, Stephen Remnant, esq. of Woolwich.

Mr. Charles Sinclear, of Mile End, in the 77th year of his age, many years a stationer in Lombard-street.

21. At Myton Hall, in the county of York, the rev. sir Martin Stapylton, bart.

24. Mrs. Mactaggart, wife of John Mactaggart, esq. Laurence Pountney-hill.

26. Samuel Draper, of Coleman-street, plumber, one of the common-councilmen of that ward.

At lady Wombwell's, in Harley-street, Mrs. Catharine Horsefall.

28. Mrs. Walker, wife of Mr. Walker, the celebrated lecturer in philosophy.

The rev. J. B. Leake, rector of Naughton and Nettlestead, in Suffolk.

At Dennington, the rev. Wm. Wynne, A. B. curate of the parish of Dennington and Saxted, Suffolk.

Feb. 2. Mr. John Parker, aged 33 years.

At Pinquick, in Cornwall, W. B. Rashleigh, third son of John Rashleigh, esq.

Ann Hancock, of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, widow of the late Colebron Hancock.

Mr. B. R. Budd, musician, son of Mr. Thomas Budd, of Richmond, Surry.

4. T. Hurst, esq. at his house in Landsdown-place.

At Whitehall, Chingford, Essex, Mrs. Elizabeth Territt, aged 92.

In Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, Mrs. Grainger, widow of the late John Grainger, esq. of Bridgehouse, Cuckfield, Sussex.

In Dean-street, Soho, miss Maria Franklin.

7. W. Markham, esq. brother to the archbishop of York.

In Somerset-street, Goodman's-fields, Mr. John Pycroft, sen.

9. In Bryanstone-street, the right hon. lady Charlotte Carr, wife of the rev. William Holwell Carr, of Menhenist, Cornwall, and daughter of the late James earl of Errol.

Mr. Minors, surgeon, Chancery-lane.

11. In the 14th year of her age, miss Elizabeth Raikes, second daughter of Thomas Raikes, esq. of New Broad-street.

13. Mrs. Dudlow, of Town Malling, Kent.

At his apartment in Greenwich Hospital, lieutenant Henry Smith.

Mr. Kinder of Cheapside.

14. At Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, after a very short illness, and in the 71st year of his age, John Urry, esq. one of the oldest post-captains in his majesty's royal navy, a man universally esteemed and distinguished for his hospitality.

15. In Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, lady Elizabeth Douglas, wife of sir George Douglas, daughter of the late and sister to the present earl of Glasgow.

Aged 28 years, Mrs. Poore, the lady of Edward Poore, esq. of West End Cottage, in the county of Hertford, and of Rushall, in Wilts, and daughter of G. Wolff, esq. Danish consul.